THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1999. }

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2,00 A YEAR.

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

THE DEAD WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My beautiful place is desolate—
The face which made it bright
Lies cold and colorless, and wears
No smile for me to-night;—
I never thought those loving lips
Could cease to welcome me;—
Oh, if she were only back again,
How tender I would be!

This tiny glove still keeps the shape
Learned from her slender hand:
Scarce yet forgetful of her wrist
Remains this golden band;—
The dainty robe she used to wear
Lies empty of its charm,
The sleeve still rounded by its clasp
Around her dear white arm.

Here is the work-box, which so well
Her skillful fingers knew—
The fairy broidery just begun,—
The needle half drawn through;
Two little days have wrought the change
From joy to misery—
Oh, if she were only back again,
How tender I would be!

The slipper which but yester morn
Her foot so lightly wore,
Still waits to claim the fragile trust
Which comes, alas, no more;—
And from the ribbon which but now
Embraced her graceful waist,
The recent crumple of the knot
Is scarcely yet effaced.

Perhaps she finds the angels, whom
In her consoling faith,
She called her ministers in life,
Her comforters in death,—
More kind than I have been, with all
My fond idolatry—
But if she were only back again,
How tender I would be!

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mrs. Dewey is at her father's," said my wife to me, one evening in August, as we sat at the tea-table.

"Ah! have you seen her?" I was interested at once. Six months had elapsed since Delia's wedding, and this was her first visit home; though her mother had been twice down to New York, in company with the Squire, who had business with the firm to which Ralph belonged. In fact, since his marriage to Squire Floyd's daughter, young Dewey had prevailed upon his father-in-law to make the house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., agents for the entire product of his manufactory—an arrangement which the Squire regarded as greatly to his advantage.

My question was answered in the affirmative.

"How is she?"

"Looking very well."

There was no warmth of feeling in my wife's voice or manner, although Delia had been a favorite with her, and we had often talked about the pleasure we should have in meeting her again.

"Have you nothing more to say of our young friend?" I asked.

"She is very much changed."

"For the better?"

"Some might think so. I do not." There was a disappointed manner about my wife.

"In what respect is she changed?"

"Some would say that she had grown handsome; and, in truth, her countenance strikes you, at first, as much improved. It is rounded to a fuller outline, and has a style about it, caught, I suppose, from city life and feeling. But she carries her head with a stateller air than is becoming in Squire Floyd's daughter; and I am very sure, that, as the wife of Ralph Dewey, she has acquired no special consequence. Rich jewelry may be very well in city drawing rooms, and public assemblages, where dress is made conspicuous. But to sport diamond ear-rings and breastpin, splendid enough for a countess, in her father's little parlor, and before the eyes of friends who loved her once for herself alone, savored so strongly of weak pride and vanity, that I could not look upon her with any of my old feelings. It was Delia Floyd no longer. Already, the pure, sweet, artless maiden, had changed into a woman of the world, dressed up for show. Ah, my husband! if this is the effect of city life, let me never breathe its tainted atmosphere."

And she dropped her eyes, with a sigh, and sat, lost in thought, for several moments.

"Your account of Delia pains me," said I. "Is the case indeed so bad?"

"It is. Alas! the fine gold is dimmed. Our sweet young friend has strayed from the paths of nature, and will never, I fear, get back again."

"Had you any conversation with her?" I inquired.

"Yes: or, rather I listened to her, as she ran on about her city life; the grand people with whom she had already become acquainted; and the splendor of balls, parties, soirees, and operas. I grew sober as she talked: for not one true womanly sentiment fell from her lips. She did not express interest in any of her new friends and acquaintances for the good qualities they possessed; but spoke of their wealth, style of living, social connexions, and other attractions wholly external to the individual. She was even eloquent over star actresses and opera singers; one or two of whom she spoke of having met at the house of a fashionable friend."

"How true the old adage, that evil communications corrupt good manners," said I.

"There must be some radical weakness in a case of such sudden deterioration as this," replied my wife. "Some latent vanity and love of the world. I cannot believe that one sensible young woman in ten would be spoiled to the degree that Delia is spoiled, if you passed her through like temptations."

I saw Delia myself, on the next day. She was dressed in New York, not in S——, style; and so, naturally, appeared to disadvantage in my eyes. I found her very bright and animated; and to my questions as to her new city life, spoke warmly of its attractions. At times, in the intervals of exciting talk, her countenance would fall into its true expression, as nearly all countenances will when thought ceases to be active—that expression, in which you see, as in a mirror, the actual state of mind. It revealed far more than came into her consciousness at the time, else would she have covered it with one of the rippling smiles she had already learned to throw, like a spangled veil over her face.

Mrs. Dewey spent nearly a month in S——, and then went back with her husband to New York. I saw them several times together, during this period. He had grown more pompous in manner, and talked in a larger way. Our little town was simply contemptible in his eyes, and he was at no pains to conceal his opinion. New York was everything; and a New York merchant of passable standing, able to put two or three towns like S—— in his breeches pocket.

The only interest I felt in this conceited young man was as the husband of my young friend; and as touching their relation to each other, I observed both of them very closely. It did not take me long to discover that there was no true bond of love between them. The little fond attentions that we look for in a husband of only six months' standing; and the tender reciprocations which are sure to follow, were all wanting here. Constance spoke of this, and I answered, lightly, to cover the regret the fact occasioned—

"It is not fashionable in good society, you know, for husband and wife to show any interest in each other."

She laid her hand suddenly upon my arm, and looked lovingly into my face.

"May we never make a part of good society, then."

I kissed her pure lips, and answered.

"There is no present prospect of it, my Constance. I am not ambitious of social distinction. Still, our trial in this direction may come, for you know that I am not without ambition professionally. A chair in one of the medical schools might tempt me to an Atlantic city."

Constance smiled, as she still rested her hand upon my arm. Then looking from my face to our little ones, two of whom were playing on the floor, while the third slept like a vision of innocence in the cradle, she said—

"I shall not need the glitter of diamonds—these are my jewels."

Turn your eyes away, good society reader, lest they be offended, at sight of a husband's kiss. Could I do less than breathe my tender love upon her lips again?

"And richer jewels were never worn in the diadem of a queen," said I. "As a mother, woman attains her highest glory."

"As wife and mother," Constance answered quickly. And now she leaned against me, and I drew my arm tenderly around her.

"And all this," she said, "a good society woman must give up; and for what? God help them in the time of life's bitter trials and painful experience, which all must endure in some degree!" She spoke with strong feeling. "On what arm can a woman lean, who has no husband in the true sense? Is she strong enough, standing alone, for life's great battles? What has she to sustain her, when all the external support, received from pride, is swept away? Alas! Alas! Is there a blinder folly than the pageantry of fashionable society? It is the stage on a grander scale, glittering, gorgeous, fascinating to the senses—but all a mere show, back from which the actors retire, each with an individual consciousness, and the sad words pressing to tremulous lips—'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.'"

Like ourselves, most of Delia's best friends were disappointed, and when she returned to New York, no hearts followed her with tender interest, except those of her own family. She had carried herself with an air of too much self-consequence; or, if she came down to the level of old friends and companions, it was with too evident a feeling of condescension.

I happened to fall into the company of Squire Floyd and Judge Bigelow, not very long after the return of Delia and her husband to New York. The conversation turned upon business, and I learned that the Squire had thought of enlarging [illegible] comparison with them, to occupy a very small space on the world. And I will confess it, a shade of dissatisfaction crept over my heart.

A few months later I learned that my two neighbors were jointly interested in the mill, and that early in the ensuing spring steam-power would be introduced, and the capacity of the works increased to more than double their present range.

It was December when Wallingford returned from England. He brought back with him all the evidence required to prove the identity of Mrs. Montgomery. Up to this time only three persons knew of the existence of a will—Mrs. Montgomery, Blanche, and myself; and we formed a council on the question of what was now to be done. I gave it as my opinion, that, as Judge Bigelow was one of the executors, and must in consequence cease to act for Mrs. Montgomery, that we had better call in Mr. Wallingford, and get his view of the case before placing the will in Judge Bigelow's hands. The mother and daughter agreed with me. So a time of meeting was appointed and a note sent to the young lawyer desiring his presence at the house of Mrs. Montgomery. He seemed very much gratified at the successful result of his visit to England, and referred to it with something of pardonable pride in his manner.

"We have every reason," said Mrs. Montgomery, in response to this, "to be satisfied with the manner in which you have executed an important mission. Since you left America, however, a document has come into my hands, which, had it reached me earlier, would have saved you a long and tedious search among mouldy and moth-eaten papers. It was nothing less than Captain Allen's will."

And she gave him the paper. He looked surprised, and for a moment or two bewildered. Then opening the will he read it through rapidly. I saw the color leave his face as he progressed, and his hand move nervously. It was plain that his mind took in, at a grasp, the entire series of consequences which the appearance of this document involved.

"This is a serious matter," he said, looking up at Mrs. Montgomery.

"It is," she answered, calmly. "The will appears to be in legal form."

"Yes."

"And must go into the hands of those who are named as executors."

"And be by them entered in the office of probate," added Wallingford.

"I would have placed it in their hands immediately on its discovery, but have, acting under advice from my kind friend here, waited until your return from England. No interest has suffered, I presume, by this delay."

"None."

Wallingford bent his eyes to the floor, and sat for some time as if half confounded by the discovery.

"What step will the executors probably take?" I inquired.

"It will be their duty to assume possession of the estate and hold it for the heirs of Mrs. Allen if any are in existence," he replied.

"And it will be their duty to take all proper means for discovering these heirs?" said I.

"Yes. That follows of course."

"And if none are found within a reasonable time?" I asked.

"The phrase, a reasonable time, is very undeterminate," said Wallingford. "It may include one, or ten years, according to the facts in the case, the views of the executors and the courts."

"But, finally?"

"Finally," he answered, "if no heirs come forward to claim the estate it will revert to the old line of descent through the blood relations of Captain Allen."

"And come into the possession of Mrs. Montgomery?"

"Yes; if the courts are satisfied with the evidence which can be presented in her favor."

There followed a long silence which Mrs. Montgomery was first to break.

"I believe," she said, firmly, "that I am prepared for the final issue of this matter whatever it may be. I shall still require legal advice, Mr. Wallingford."

The young man bowed assent.

"And, as Judge Bigelow is one of the executors—"

"I do not think, madam," said Wallingford, interrupting her, "that the fact of his executorship will make him any the less a safe adviser for you. He is a man of the highest integrity of character—clear-seeing—and of impartial judgment."

"I believe in his judgment and integrity," she replied. "Still, I do not think it well to have these two interests represented by the same man. You are his associate if I understand correctly the relation between you."

"I am in a certain sense."

"Do you have a share in all of his business?"

"Not in all."

"So he can be independent of you in any special case if he deems it desirable."

"Yes."

"And this is also true as regards yourself?"

"Yes."

"Then, Mr. Wallingford, I shall consult you, individually, in future."

He bowed low in acquiescence.

"And let me say to you, once for all, that I want only my rights, if I have any, protected. I do not wish any impediments thrown in the way of a proper search for the heirs of Mrs. Allen; but desire to see the fullest notice given, and in channels by which it is most likely to reach them. At the same time, it is but just to me and mine that all right steps should be taken to protect my interests, in case no heirs should be found. And I have faith in you, Mr. Wallingford."

"You shall never have cause to regret your confidence, madam," he replied, in a tone so full of manly integrity, that I could not but gaze upon his fine countenance with a feeling of admiration.

"Will you place this will in the hands of Judge Bigelow?" asked Mrs. Montgomery.

"It will be best for you to do that yourself, madam," replied Wallingford.

"I will be guided by your judgment in the case, sir. This very day I will send him a note asking an interview."

"After that, madam," said Wallingford, rising, "I will be at your service."

We retired together.

CHAPTER XV.

Both Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd were discreet men, and did not, at the outset of their executorship, do more in the way of giving publicity to the fact, than probating the will, and entering into bonds for the faithful performance of the trust. For the present, they decided to let Mrs. Montgomery remain in occupancy of the old mansion, and she accepted this concession in her favor.

The property left by Captain Allen was large. The grounds upon which the old house stood, embraced nearly twenty acres, and as the town had grown in that direction, its value might now be estimated by the foot, instead of the acre, as houses had grown up on all sides. Moreover, the stream of water upon which the mill of Squire Floyd stood, ran through these grounds, in a series of picturesque rapids, giving a fall of over twenty feet. The value of this property, including a mill site, was estimated at sixty thousand dollars. Then there were twenty thousand dollars in stock of the County Bank, the interest of which Mrs. Allen had drawn since the death of her husband, regularly, as administratrix of the estate. Besides this property, there were several pieces of unimproved land in and around the town; the value of which could not fall much below twenty thousand dollars. In addition to all this, was a coffee estate on the island of Porto Rico. But as to its extent, or value, no evidence appeared. It might now be richly productive, on a mere tropical wilderness. If productive, no evidence of any return since Captain Allen's death appeared.

The winter passed without any apparent movement on the part of the executors looking to the discovery of Mrs. Allen's heirs. Young Dewey came up from New York, every few weeks, to hold business interviews with his uncle and Squire Flood, touching the mill-extension which was fully determined upon; Judge Bigelow agreeing to invest twenty thousand dollars, and the nephew ten thousand. All these matters were talked of in the beginning, freely, before Wallingford, who still had his office with his old preceptor, and shared in his business. After a while, he noticed a growing reserve on the part of Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd, when he was by, touching their private affairs; and then they ceased entirely all reference thereto.

Dewey came up as frequently as usual, but avoided any remark in relation to business while in the presence of Wallingford. During his stay in S——, the Judge spent but little time at the office; being, for the most part, at the mill with his nephew and the Squire.

In the spring, a large force of men was set to work on the extension of Squire Floyd's mill; and as Judge Bigelow had become largely interested in the new enterprise, he gave a great deal more attention to what was going on in that direction, than to the business of his office, the heaviest part of which devolved upon Mr. Wallingford. Still, no steps were taken to discover the heirs of Mrs. Allen. Once or twice Mr. Wallingford had approached the subject, but the Judge made no response. At last, he put the question direct, as to what had been done. The Judge seemed a little annoyed; but said, in a hurried way, that was unusual with him,

"I must, and will attend to this matter immediately. I have had so much on my mind that it has been neglected."

But the spring months passed—summer glided by—and still there was no advertisement for heirs, nor any step taken, so far as Wallingford could learn, to ascertain their existence.

Mrs. Montgomery still occupied the old mansion, waiting patiently the issue whatever it might be. Her health, I regretted to find, was not firm. She suffered a great deal from nervous debility; and I saw, plainly, that she had failed considerably during the past few months. Blanche, on the contrary, after recovering from the illness which followed immediately on her arrival in S——, had continued in excellent health; and was growing daily more matured and womanly both as to mental development and personal bearing.

The mill improvements went on all summer, exciting no little interest in our town, and occasioning no small amount of talk and speculation. It was sometime in the fall of that year, that I was permitted to hear this brief conversation between a couple of townsmen. Mr. A—— had made some query as to the source of all the money expended on the new mill of Squire Floyd, which was now standing forth, under roof, in most imposing proportions, compared with the old works. Mr. B—— shrugged his shoulders, and replied,

"Floyd and the Judge are joint executors of old Allen's estate, you know."

"What does that signify?" inquired Mr. A——.

"It may signify a great deal. They have trust funds in their possession to a large amount, I am told."

"They are both honorable men, and would not violate their trust," said A——.

"I will not gainsay that," answered Mr. B——. "Still, they may use these funds temporarily, and wrong no one."

Nothing more was said in my presence, but I turned their remarks over and over again, feeling less satisfied the more I pondered them. A day or two afterwards I met Mr. Wallingford, and said to him,

"How comes on the search for the heirs of the Allen estate?"

The question caused him to look grave.

"No progress has been made, so far as I can learn," he answered.

"Isn't this indifference on the part of the executors a little extraordinary?" I remarked.

"I must confess that I do not understand it," said the young lawyer.

"There is personal, as well as real estate?"

"Yes. Stocks worth twenty thousand dollars."

"I have heard it suggested, that trust funds in the case are going into Squire Floyd's mill."

Wallingford started at the suggestion, and looked for some moments intently in my face; then dropped his eyes, and stood lost in thought a good while.

"Where did you hear the suggestion?" he at length inquired.

I repeated the conversation just mentioned, and named the individuals with whom it had occurred.

"And now, Henry," said I, "put this hint, and the singular neglect of the executors to search for the heirs to the Allen property, together, and tell me how the matter shapes itself in your mind. We speak confidentially with each other, of course."

"I don't just like the appearance of it, that is all I can say, Doctor," he replied in a half absent manner.

"As you represent the interests of Mrs. Montgomery," said I, "is it not your duty to look a little closer into this matter?"

"It is; and I shall give it immediate attention."

He did so, and to his surprise, found that all the bank stock had been sold, and transferred. It was now plain to him where at least a part of the funds being so liberally expended on the mill property of Squire Floyd came from. On venturing to make some inquiries of Judge Bigelow bearing on the subject, that individual showed an unusual degree of irritation, and intimated, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he thought himself competent to manage any business he might undertake, and did not feel disposed to tolerate any intermeddling."

From that time, Wallingford saw that a separation from his old preceptor was inevitable; and he so shaped events, that in less than three months he made the separation easy and natural, and took an office to himself alone.

Still there was no movement on the part of the executors in regard to the valuable estate in their hands. Summer and fall passed, and Christmas saw the splendid improvements of Squire Floyd completed, and the new mill in operation, under the vigorous power of steam. The product thus secured was almost fabulous in the eyes of the half asleep and awake people of S——, many of whom could hardly imagine people enough in the country to consume the miles of cloth that came streaming out from the rattling looms. And yet, we were informed, that more than quadruple this product could be sold by the extensive house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co.; and that all that stood in the way of creating a magnificent fortune out of cotton bales, was the lack of productive facilities.

During this winter I saw more than usual of Mrs. Dewey. She came up from New York with her nurse and child, a babe not quite a year old, and spent over six weeks with her parents. She had lost, in the two years which had passed since her marriage, nearly all those beautiful traits of character which made her once so charming. Fashionable city life seemed to have spoiled her altogether. Her mind had not grown in the right direction. She had wholly abandoned that tasteful reading through which intellectual refinement comes; and to all appearance, no longer cared for anything beyond the mere sensuous. Nothing in S—— had any interest for her; and she scarcely took the pains to conceal her contempt for certain sincere and worthy people, who felt called upon, for the sake of her parents, to show her some attention. She was not happy of course. When in repose, I noticed a discontented look on her face. Her eyes had lost that clear, innocent, almost child-like beauty of expression, that once made you gaze into them; and now had a cold, absent, or eagerly longing expression, as if her thought were straining itself forward towards some coveted good.

Her conversation was almost always within the range of New York fashionable themes; and barren of any food upon which the mind could grow. There was not even the pretence of affection between her and her husband. The fairest specimen of well bred indifference I had yet seen was exhibited in their conduct to each other. Their babe did not seem to be a matter of much account either. Delia took no personal care of it whatever—leaving all this to the nurse.

It happened one day that I was called in to see the child. I found it suffering from some of the ill effects of difficult dentition, and did what the case required. There was an old friend of Delia's at the house—a young lady who had been much attached to her, and who still retained a degree of her old friendship. They were talking together in a pleasant, familiar way, when I came down stairs from my visit to the sick child—the mother had not shown sufficient interest in the little sufferer to attend me to the nurse's room. A word or two of almost careless inquiry was made;—I had scarcely answered the mother's queries, when her friend said, in a laughing way, looking from the window at the same time,

"There, Delia! see what you escaped."

I turned my eyes in the same direction, and saw Mr. Wallingford walking past, on the opposite side of the street, with his head bent down. His step was slow, but firm, and his air and carriage manly.

Delia shrugged her shoulders, and drew up the corners of her lips. There was an expression very much like contempt on her face. But she did not make any reply. I saw this expression gradually fade away, and her countenance grow sober. Her friend did not pursue the banter, and the subject dropped.

What she had escaped! It was a dark day in the calendar of her life, when she made that escape; and I think there must have been times when a consciousness of this fact pressed upon her soul like a suffocating nightmare.

CHAPTER XVI.

Spring opened again, and the days glided swiftly on towards summer, and yet, so far as the movements of the executors could be traced, nothing had been done in the work of searching for the heirs. One day, early in June, Mrs. Montgomery sent for Mr. Wallingford. On attending her, she placed in his hands a communication which she had just received. It was from the executors, giving notice in a kind and respectful way, that, for the interest of the legal heirs, and their own security, it would be necessary for them to assume full possession of the mansion and grounds, unless she felt willing to pay a rental that was equivalent to the interest on their value.

"I have expected this," said the lady, "and so far from considering myself aggrieved, feel grateful that a quiet residence here has been so long accorded me."

"You will remove?"

"There is no other course left. My income will not justify a rent of some three thousand dollars."

"As the property is unproductive, no such rent as that will be required."

"The letter says, 'a rental equivalent to the interest on their value.'"

"I will see Judge Bigelow this morning, and ascertain precisely what views are held in regard to this matter."

They were sitting near one of the parlor windows that looked out upon the portion of the grounds that sloped away towards the stream that threw its white folds of water from one rocky ledge to another, in graceful undulations. As Mr. Wallingford ceased speaking, Mrs. Montgomery turned her head quickly and looked out. The sound of voices had reached her ears. Three men had entered the grounds and were passing the window at a short distance.

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Wallingford. Then answering his own question, he said, "Oh, I see; Judge Bigelow, Squire Floyd, and Ralph Dewey, his son-in-law."

The three men, after going a few hundred rods in the direction of the stream, turned and stood for some minutes looking at the house, and talking earnestly. Dewey appeared to have the most to say, and gesticulated quite freely. Then they moved on to that portion of the stream where the water went gliding down the mimic rapids, and remained there for a considerable time. It was plain that some scheme was in their heads, for they took measurement by pacing off the grounds in various directions; drew together in close conference at times; then separated, each making some examination for himself; and again stood in close deliberation. At last, as if satisfied with their investigations, they returned by way of the mansion, and passed out without calling.

"Put that and that together, and there is a meaning in this procedure beyond the simple rental of the place," said Wallingford.

"What is your inference?" asked Mrs. Montgomery.

"I have made none as yet," he replied. "But I will see Judge Bigelow, and have some talk with him. Of course, I can have nothing to say, adverse to a requirement of rent. Executors are responsible for the right use of property in their hands, and must see that it produces an interest, if in a position to pay anything. You do not, of course, wish to occupy the whole of these grounds. It may be, that the use of the house, garden, lawn and appurtenances, may be secured at a moderate rent. If so, do you wish to remain?"

"I would prefer remaining here, if the rent is within a certain sum."

"Say three hundred dollars?"

"Yes. If not beyond that sum, I will remain," replied Mrs. Montgomery.

The interview which Mr. Wallingford held with Judge Bigelow a few hours afterwards, was not satisfactory. The proposition to let Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter occupy the house, separate from the extensive grounds, would not be entertained. It finally came out, that an offer to purchase had been made by the firm of Lloyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., with a view to the erection of extensive mills, and that the executors were going to ask the Court for power to sell, as a handsome sum could now be obtained. It further came out, that in case this power was granted, Mr. Dewey was to reside in S——, to superintend the erection of these mills, and afterwards to join Squire Floyd in the management of both establishments—a consolidation of interests between the mercantile and manufacturing branches being about to take place. The old mansion was to undergo a thorough revision, and become the domicile of the resident partner.

With these plans in view, the executors insisted upon the removal of Mrs. Montgomery; and notice as to time was given, which included three months. Formal application was made to the Court having power in the case, for authority to sell, and re-invest. The reasons for so doing were set forth in detail, and involved plausible arguments in favor of the heirs whenever they should be found.

Mr. Wallingford had personal reasons for not wishing to oppose this application. The executors had been his friends from boyhood. Especially towards Judge Bigelow, did he entertain sentiments of deep gratitude for his many favors and kindnesses. But his duty, as counsel to Mrs. Montgomery, left him no alternative. She was heir prospective to this property, and he did not believe that the plans in view were best for her interests, in case no other heir was found. So, he went before the court, and opposed the prayer of the executors. In doing so, he gained their ill-will, but did not succeed in preventing a decree authorizing a sale of the property. Dewey was present, a deeply interested listener to the arguments that were advanced on both sides. After the decision, as Wallingford was passing from the court-room, Dewey, who stood near the door, talking with a gentleman, said, loud enough for the young lawyer to hear him.

"The hound! He got on the wrong scent that time!"

A feeling of indignation stirred in Wallingford's bosom; but he repressed the bitter feeling, and moved on without giving any intimation that the offensive remark had reached him.

As soon as this decree, authorizing a sale of the property, was made, Mrs. Montgomery began to make preparation for removal. At first she seemed inclined to favor a return to England; but after repeated conferences with Mr. Wallingford, she finally concluded to remain in this country.

Nearly three years had woven their many colored web of events, since Mrs. Montgomery had dropped down suddenly among us, like a being from cloudland. The friendly relation established between us in the beginning, had continued, growing more and more intimate. My good Constance found in her a woman after her own heart.

"The days I spend at the Allen House," she would often say to me, "are days to be remembered. I meet with no one who lives in so pure and tranquil an atmosphere as Mrs. Montgomery. An hour with her, lifts me above the petty cares, and selfish struggles of this life; and fills my mind with longings after those higher things into which all must rise before that peace comes to the soul which passeth all understanding. I return home from these interviews, happier in mind, and stronger for life's duties. I do not know any term that so clearly expresses my idea of this lady, as Christian philosopher."

Occasionally Mrs. Montgomery would pay us a visit; and these also were times treasured up in my wife's remembrance. I always observed a certain elevation of feeling, a calmer spirit, and a more loving sphere about her after one of these pleasant seasons.

The daughter came very often. Our children loved her almost as much as they did their mother, and she seemed as happy with them, as if they were of her own flesh and blood. Agnes, our oldest, now in her eighth year, almost lived at the Allen House. Blanche never came without taking her home with her, and often kept her for two or three days at a time.

Blanche had developed into a young woman of almost queenly beauty; yet her manners retained the easy grace and truthfulness of a child. She did not seem conscious of her remarkable personal attractions; nor of the admiration her presence always extorted. No one could meet her, as a stranger, without feeling that she stood removed from ordinary contact—a being of superior mould with whom familiarity was presumption.

The companion of such a mother, who had with tender solicitude from childhood upwards, guarded all the avennes of her mind, lest false principles or false views of things should find entrance; and as carefully selected her mental food, in order that there might be health of mind as well as health of body—it was not surprising to find about her a solidity and strength of character, that showed itself beneath the sweet grace of her external life, whenever occasion for their exhibition arose. From her mother she had imbibed a deep religious sentiment; but this did not manifest itself so much in language, as in dutiful acts. I had often occasion to notice, how almost instinctively, she referred all things to a superintending Providence; and looked into the future, veiled as it is to all eyes, with a confidence that everything would come out right, beautiful to contemplate. What she meant by right, was something more than is usually included in the words; for she had learned from her wise teacher, that God's providence disposes the things of this world for every individual in a way that serves best His eternal interests; therefore, what was best in this sense, could not fail to be right.

To our deep regret, Mrs. Montgomery decided to change the place of her residence from S—— to Boston. All the reasons that led her to this decision, I was not able to discover. Her life at the Allen House had been quite secluded. She had been courteous to all the people with whom she was brought into any degree of contact, and had reciprocated all friendly visits; but there was a certain distance between her and them, that it seemed impossible for either to pass over. One of my inferences was, that, in removing from the retired old mansion, and taking a modern house, she would stand out more prominently before all eyes than was agreeable to her. Be this as it may, she was in earnest about removing to Boston.

I happened to be present when the announcement of this purposed removal was made to Mr. Wallingford. He had called in, during one of my visits to Mrs. Montgomery, for the transaction of some business.

"To Boston?" he said, in a tone of surprise, and, I thought, disappointment. At the same time I saw his eyes turned towards Blanche.

"Yes; I think it will be best," she replied. "If I have any interests here, I feel that they are safe in your hands, Mr. Wallingford."

She leaned a little towards him, and I thought her voice had in it a softer tone than usual. Her eyes looked steadily into his face.

"I will do all that *is* right, madam." He spoke a little lower than usual.

"And the right is always the best in any case, Mr. Wallingford," said she, with feeling.

"How soon do you think of removing?" the young man inquired.

"In three or four weeks."

"So soon."

Again I noticed that his eyes wandered towards Blanche, who sat close by her mother, with her face bent down and turned partly away.

"There is no reason why we should linger in S——, after all things are ready for removal. It would have suited my feelings and habits of mind to have remained here; but as this cannot be, I prefer going to Boston on more than one account."

"You will leave behind you many sincere friends," said Wallingford.

There was more feeling in his voice than usually showed itself; and I again observed that Mrs. Montgomery, in responding to the remark, fixed her eyes upon him steadily, and with, I thought, a look of more than usual interest.

The few weeks of preparation glided swiftly away, and then we parted from friends who had won their way into our own hearts; and whose memory would ever be to us like the fragrance of holy incense. I learned from Mrs. Montgomery, before she left us, during a more confidential talk than usual, that her income was comparatively small, and that the chief part of this, a pension from Government in acknowledgement of her husband's services, would cease at her death. There was a momentary failure in her voice as she said this, and her eyes turned with the instinct of love towards Blanche.

At her desire, Mr. Wallingford attended them to Boston, and remained away for three or four days. He then returned to S——, bringing with him kind words from the absent ones. The old routine of life went on again, each of us taking up the daily duty; yet I think there was not one of the favored few who had known Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter intimately, that was not stronger to do right in every trial, for the memory of these true-hearted strangers—no, friends!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Portraits Are Got Up for the Pictorials.—In the last number of a New York pictorial paper there is a picture which purports to be the likeness of flag-officer Tattnall, U. S. N., from a photograph. It does not resemble him in face or person. The face is younger, the form slighter and more military than that of the chivalrous flag-officer. But the most amusing feature is that the uniform, instead of being that of a flag-officer, is that of a marine-officer throughout, with alterations and additions. Thus the coat has the marine collar and was single-breasted; but another row of buttons has been added to one breast. One of the cuffs has been ornamented with the gold laced bands of a post-captain, while the other remains unornamented. The epaulets, sword, and belt are of the marine pattern, which is entirely different from the navy pattern. Commodore Tattnall has a son who is a marine-officer, and it has been suggested that the enterprizing publishers have got hold of his photograph, and making the face a little older, have worked it over for their paper.—*Boston Journal.*

EPIGRAM ON A VERY LARGE WOMAN.

"All flesh is grass," so do the Scriptures say;
But grass, when cut and dry, is turned to hay;
Then, oh! if Death to thee his scythe should take,
Good gracious! what a haycock thou would'st make.

☞ Words and grammar seem to be very variable affairs. The Christian Inquirer says: "The word 'fast' is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The North River is *fast* when the ice is immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for it was loose; a clock is called *fast* when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast* consequently, when opportunity offers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The START YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $2, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Two Copies,		$3,00 a-year.
Four "	(and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00 "
Eight "	(and one to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
Thirteen "	(and one to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
Twenty "	(and one to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
Thirty "	(and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00 "

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The Niagara Falls Engravings are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber.

"The Speaking Likeness," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to the Post for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

In place of the common and defective Wood Engravings, which we have laid aside in The Post, except in the humorous department, we have made arrangements to furnish such of our subscribers for the ensuing year as may desire it, with a large and beautiful Steel-plate Engraving, 17 by 22 inches in size. This is a combined Line and Mezzotinto Engraving, and will be an ornament to any parlor. It is of a lady, who is holding up an oval frame, through which appears the face of a charming little girl. Some of our readers may have seen either the original French picture, or the engraving taken from it—and will know it by the name of

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS.

The retail price of this Engraving, as any one can ascertain for himself by inquiry, is Four Dollars!

As our subscribers renew their subscriptions for 1860, such of them as desire to receive this beautiful engraving, will please write to that effect, inclosing 25 cents extra to pay the cost of postage, wrappers, mailing, &c. Such as have already paid for 1860, will of course receive the picture by simply forwarding their request, with the 25 cents inclosed. Our offer applies equally to club as to single subscribers.

One of these pictures will be sent to the getter up of any club, in place of one of the Niagara pictures, if so desired.

Our readers may be assured that this picture is well worth having, and will give satisfaction.

As we do not design to interfere with the regular retail sale of this Engraving, we will not furnish it at less than the regular retail price ($4,00) to any but the subscribers to The Post,—*and no subscriber can have more than one picture.*

Our city subscribers who wish this Premium for 1860—and it requires only to be seen to be appreciated—can receive it at any time after the first of December, by calling at the office, and paying their subscriptions for the ensuing year.

N. B. As those who design getting up clubs for the ensuing year, may find it a great advantage to have a copy of this Premium Engraving to show to their friends and neighbors, we will send such as desire it a copy at once, upon the receipt of the 25 cents for postage, mailing, &c.

The American Policy towards China.—We give this week an interesting letter from our Chinese correspondent. We knew very well before this, that our naval officers in the Chinese seas were in favor of a much more vigorous and violent course of action, than has been so far pursued by our government. The letter of our correspondent has not convinced us;—but, though we think it false logic, we are willing that he should have his say, as we have had ours. Let our readers judge for themselves. We no not believe in opening the way for true religion and civilization by ball and bayonet. India is of itself a sufficient proof—if any proof were needed—that the heathen are not to be converted into Christians in that way. We do not wonder though, that our naval officers are apt to conclude that their big guns and sharp cutlasses are better than preaching—"'tis their vocation"—and every one naturally magnifies the importance of his own profession. Our good friend and correspondent, doubtless, if he had his way, would try to *convert* the whole of China after the manner of Mahomet, and Christianize and civilize them perforce. Our Saviour tried a different and apparently somewhat slower way—but look at the results. Haste is not speed. And, whatever men may be forced to say, no man—heathen or civilized—ever took kindly to a religious faith forced into his heart with the point of a bayonet.

BOGUS CRITICISM.

Certain New York publishing firms have the audacity to print upon the covers of new books, or in advertisements thereof, forged testimonials to their literary worth, purporting to come from British critical journals of eminence. Thus, some volume of perhaps utterly worthless trash will be sent forth to the public, heralded and endorsed by notices from the London *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, the *Literary Gazette*, and other journals of high character—notices which, it is needless to repeat, are shameful forgeries. We hereby warn our readers throughout the country, not to be deceived by these disgraceful fabrications, and to receive with suspicion any high-sounding eulogiums of new books, professing to come from foreign papers. These things may be easily detected by the absence of the cool, critical tone which pervades even the British praise of a favorite, and also by the spread-eagle style, and copious flood of trite and turgid bombast, which we may be sure are never seen in a British literary journal. Common sense is the presiding genius in British criticism, whatever be its faults and shortcomings; while uncommon nonsense is just as surely the characteristic by which these shameful impostures may be identified.

Is it the Fact?—In a late publication by the Smithsonian Institute, occurs the following:—

"The Gulf of Mexico has an important effect upon forest growth in the United States. It is from the Gulf that many rain-storms proceed, and they are blown easterly by westerly winds until they fall generally before reaching the Ohio. Thus, as they do not reach the Illinois region, that district is deprived of its fair share of rain. Without moisture there can be no trees, and that is the reason that Illinois and Michigan abound in treeless prairies, that are not found in places where the rain-storms from the Gulf fall. In Texas, where these Gulf-storms do not travel, the moisture, and consequent vegetation and sylvia, grow less and less as we proceed westward, until we come into the great deserts that exist in the Dacotah regions."

Is it a fact that there is less rain in the prairie regions than in the wooded portions of the West? If it is so, we were not aware of it—and yet the managers of the Smithsonian Institute *ought* to know.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Self-Education; or, The Means and Art of Moral Progress. From the French of Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston.

Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Sheldon & Co., New York.

Loss and Gain; or, Margaret's Home. By Alice B. Haven. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

History of Independence Hall. By D. W. Belisle. James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

American Notes. By Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The Christian Examiner. November. Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

WALL STREET—AN EPIGRAM.

At the head of the street the lawyers are found,
At the foot, on the river, the vessels abound.
Fly—stranger—oh fly! to some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* on the river and *craft* in the street.
—*New York Evening Post.*

☞ Nothing in this world is ever settled till it is settled right.

☞ A little girl, nine years old, having attended a *soiree*, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

☞ If the Plague had offices to give, the Plague would find worshippers.—*Madame de Stael.*

☞ A Dairyman's Definition.—Flattery is the milk of human kindness turned into Butter.

☞ My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir W. Scott.*

☞ A Western paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician."

☞ Slang.—The witless man's wit.—*Punch.*

☞ To Travellers.—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

☞ A man and his wife are generally alike in features, never in disposition. Probably the reason of the resemblance in face, is, that every man thinks himself the handsomest person in existence, and so, in looking out for a wife, chooses the woman most like himself.

☞ Mr. Millar, of Ballumbie, had occasion to find fault with one of his laborers, who had been improvident and known better days. He was digging a drain, and he told him if he did not make better work he should turn him off. The man was very angry, and throwing down his spade, called out in a tone of resentment, "Ye are ower pridefu'; Davie Miller. I mind ye l' the warld when ye had neither cow nor ewe." "Very well," replied Mr. Miller, mildly, "I remember you when you had both."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 145—Adults 72, and children 73.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

U. S. S. Powhatan,
At Anchor off the Pei-Ho River,
June 26th, 1859.

Mr. Editor.—I wonder if you ever saw a bird known to the ornithologist as belonging to the genus corvus, and to the world generally as the "crow?" If you have not, I advise you to examine closely *the first* "American Eagle" *that you see*. Catch his legs with your right hand, his head with your left; turn him over, and see if the man of science is not right when he says—"the crow is a large black bird with convex and cultrated beak, nostrils covered with bristly feathers, and tongue forked and cartilaginous. He is also a *most* voracious bird, feeding on carrion and grain, which latter he pulls up just as it comes above the ground. He is at the same time a *most cowardly* bird, often flying from the attacks of birds much smaller than himself." Examine closely, I say, the first "American Eagle" upon whose tail you can put fresh salt, and I am confident that you will agree in the above. At any rate something that I am now going to tell you about our "Eagle," might with much more justice to nature be written about the "*voracious* and *cowardly* crow."

This "something" may be told in a very few words—perhaps the fewer, the better. *Yesterday afternoon at 2.45 P. M., twelve English and one French gunboats, while attempting to enter this river, for the purpose of carrying their Ministers to Peking,* according to the late treaty, *were fired into by eight forts mounting some two hundred guns, half of them sunk, and several hundred of those on board either killed, wounded or drowned. This wholesale murder was perpetrated by some twenty or thirty thousand Chinese safely stowed away behind their mud walls, and* under the eyes of three hundred Americans, who could only look on and see their fellow Christians shot down like so many dogs.

This is what I call a sin against humanity, a blow against Christianity, an outrage upon manhood, and a very evident reduction of the fearless "Eagle" to the voracious "crow." It is of little moment what "the policy of our government" is in this part of the world. I take the broad ground that no three hundred white men and Christians, should stand with their hands in their pockets, while fourteen hundred other white men and Christians are being ruthlessly mowed down by thirty thousand infuriated heathens—and this is just what I helped two hundred and ninety-nine others to do yesterday. I am not ashamed to say that I *feel* ashamed of this miserable policy of our government, which shuns all hard knocks, and husbands its voracious strength to grasp the larger share of spoils.

I know how widely different are your ideas and mine upon the subject of English policy towards China. *You* in your unselfish charity of feeling, call them "the poor Chinese," and look upon Englishmen as so many aggressive vampires. I call them the *rascally Chinese*, and look upon Englishmen as the right arm of an unavoidable destiny. *You* think that every animal who has a voice, walks upon two legs, and answers to the name of "man," inherits an equal right "to live and move and have his being," and to choose his course through life, as you and I have, and that any and every nation has the same right to say "I do not wish to communicate with other nations; clear out and let me alone." I think that *mental and physical superiority* lift the Anglo-Saxon above his fellow-man, and entitle him to stand at the head of nations, and that the simple fact of our being civilized, gives us the right to say to semi-civilization—"Your aged and *illiberal* institutions stand in the way of the advance of Christianity, commerce, and civilization, and you must keep pace with the world and do so and so, or abide the consequences." Which is just what England is now saying to China. I say that we have the same right to speak thus to barbarous and despotic rulers that we have, as Christians, to say to the Hindoo or the Feejee islander. "Our religion is the truth; yours are the lies of Hell." It is not necessary for us to explain our *reasons* for such an assertion—we *know* that we are in the true path when we see the Son of God leading us on: and we consequently *know* that the Hindoo is walking blindly. Hence we say *we are right*, and *you are wrong*. Similar reasoning gives to *civilization* the right to regulate the movements of the world through its superior enlightenment, as it does to the experience of *age* to guide and advise the movements of childhood and youth. If the mass of mankind therefore, who are walking blindly 'and in barbarous weakness, turn from our advances with blind contempt, let us arrest them by the arm and say—"my friend I am right, and *you* are wrong. I am enlightened and you are *ignorant*. *I* am strong and you are weak. Do therefore that which I tell you is *right*, or abide the consequences." And if they spit upon you, and kick you while you thus address them, bring forward the arms of civilization and whip them, even though one to fifty.

I suppose that the most despicable act of power exists in the "oppression of the weak," of which it is too often guilty. But then to produce this "despicable" hue, "the weak" must be innocent and harmless, as well as powerless. One does not frown upon the *strong* law when it breaks the neck of the *bound* and *powerless* rascal. We rather smile upon it as upon our surest safeguard. And the same is true as regards China—we must smile upon the law in the shape of England, punishing a rascal in the shape of China. Living as we do in the United States, *surrounded by the* NATIONAL PURITY *of our habits, and customs, and minds*, it is difficult to imagine the loathsome depths to which the *original depravity* of the human mind has here reduced the taste of man. Unchecked by the curbing influence of the Gospel, and the non-existing good example of those around them, the Chinese have for a score of centuries devoted *their* every thought to one *grand end—to the gratification of the senses*. What now is the result? They are a people who regard lying as an *accomplishment*; who indulge in the most revolting of vices, under the broad light of the noonday sun; who laugh at *decency* and *morality*, as drawbacks to the gratification of their unnatural tastes; and who reduce woman to the level of beasts of burden, or toys to be thrown aside as soon as tired of. I tell you it is a *false humanity* which strives to paint them as a simple and unoffending people, imposed upon by a stronger nation:—*True* humanity would seem to tell the nations of Christendom—"Go to China with an imposing army and navy—with the Gospel, with civilization, with honesty of purpose, with the spirit of progress, and with a sincere desire to elevate them to your own standing. Tell them—you shall not regard lying as something praiseworthy, for we will make it *ignoble*. You shall not outrage the laws of nature and of God by your beastly habits, for we will punish with death. You shall not encourage vice by sneering at all that is pure and beautiful, for we will reward the virtuous. And, above all, you shall no longer treat woman as a slave, for we will elevate her to be your companion."

I am free to acknowledge that there is a vast amount of theory and impracticability about all this, but if England can only accomplish a *portion* of it, let her at least have our *moral* support. Do you know that in spite of our *grog-shops* and *roudies*, and sectional differences, we of the United States are the most virtuous and *decent* people under the sun? And next to us comes England. Look at the American woman—from Maine to Florida, and from Virginia to California—you look in vain for her equal in any other part of the world, and you also look in vain for equals to the children whom she bears *and brings up*. England and America are the only two countries where women *are trusted*. There seems something elevated in the Anglo-Saxon mind, which generates a *respectful love* toward our sisters, cousins, and nieces; and this respectful love nourishes confidence, and confidence upon our part nourishes self-confidence in them, and they clothed in virtue, and smiling upon whom they will, pass through life and surmount temptations beneath which the stronger vessel is often buried. Such is not the law here, or in other countries. In Spain, in Italy, in Turkey, in South America, and in the countries of the East, the virtue of woman is watched as we watch a suspected thief—the only wonder is that *a truly noble woman* should ever be found in such countries.

July 10th.—I had hoped to have this letter ready to go by an English gunboat to catch the last Shanghae mail, but was so pressed for time that it was impossible. I am going to tell you something about our movements since the battle. Fifteen days have elapsed since then, and the remains of the hostile fleet have left, and John Chinaman remains in triumphant possession of the field.

On the 29th ult., when it was very evident that we should not reach Peiking by aid of the English, it became necessary either to return to Shanghea or to make a second attempt to communicate with the Chinese. Our small steamer was therefore sent to the northward—our object being to look for some place where we could land in safety, deliver a letter for the Governor General, and return to await a reasonable time for an answer. This was happily accomplished, though our messengers had a hard run through half a mile of mud from pursuing horsemen, after they had handed the letter to some poor villagers who promised that it should be sent to the Governor General. This activity upon the part of the troopers gave us the idea that the people along the whole coast were up in arms against all foreigners, and with this conviction we returned to the ship. At the end of a few days, however, came an answer to our letter, written in the most friendly spirit, and holding out strong hopes of our being escorted to Peiking. An interview was also requested, and consequently Friday, the 8th instant, saw Mr. Ward and suite on board of our chartered steamer heading in for the fortified town of Pei-tang, where Governor General Hang was awaiting to receive us. We had been provided with a pilot by that personage, who, after a run of eleven miles, anchored us just below three large mud forts, guarding the mouth of a river, and alongside two Chinese junks, which we could see had been fitted up for our express benefit. The river, they said, was too narrow to admit of the steamer going farther, and if we could get on board of the larger junk and repose ourselves and drink tea under the elevated canopy, the other one would tow us two miles and a half farther to the landing. This was all very kind, and we consequently transferred ourselves to the Antony-and-Cleopatra-like-barge, where we were received by three of the middle order of Mandarins, and treated to very fine tea, and cool and shady seats.

Our party consisted of the Hon. John E. Ward, his Secretary of Legation, two attaches, and three interpreters. Then flag officer Josiah Tattnall and five of us officers, thirteen in all, plus one of the flag officer's bargemen to carry "the Star Spangled Banner" at the head of the procession after landing. We drank tea and smoked, as we sailed with *majestic slowness* up the winding river.

"I'll tell you what it is," observed the flag officer. "This somewhat resembles the progress of Antony and Cleopatra—suppose you take the part of the lady, Mr. W—d?" Mr. W—d being of a naturally urbane and obliging disposition would doubtless have acceded to this suggestion had he not had on at the moment a diplomatic cocked-hat, ditto sword, *and a rather tight pair of trousers*; as it was, we retained our modern characters.

As we thus sailed up the river (!) of Peitang, we found it from one to two hundred yards in width, from twenty-five to thirty feet deep, and boasting the most muddy banks I ever saw. These banks were so low as to be almost awash at high water, and the neighboring country being little or no higher, everything was mud—mud—blue mud. Mud forts, mud houses, mud in the water, ground of mud, and even men's *legs* from the knee down also of mud, if one was to believe his eyes—looking only "skin deep." The river being so narrow, and we all seated upon so elevated a platform, "the crowd" had a good view of us from their knee-deep-in-mud-positions along the water's edge, and as they insisted upon keep-

ing abreast of us, the reader may imagine "the time" they had in hauling so many legs so frequently out of such a sticky substance. Of course there were none of the softer sex among the party, but there were any number of nude small boys, who were more than once left sticking and halloing behind, to the evident disgust of their more immediate friends, who had to return to *pull them out*. Thus escorted we finally reached a *hard*-mud jetty, which, from its fresh appearance, had evidently been built for the sole and express purpose of furnishing us a dry landing. Labor is cheap in China, but forethought such as this indicates a degree of *national politeness* found in no other country. A Chinaman is always polite as he is always deceptive. The tide being too low to admit of our Cleopatra junk going alongside this jetty, she was hauled broadside in toward it until she "grounded," when a vessel of lighter draught was slipped in between to act as a bridge. Over this impromptu arrangement the high *local* Mandarin now came on board, paid his respects to the Minister, and informed him that it was his duty to escort him to the presence of the Governor General. At the same time he expressed his regret that a number of sedan "chair-coolies," which we had requested might be in readiness to carry the chairs brought from Shanghea for the use of the Minister and flag officer, could not be obtained—in fact, the Governor General himself always used a "chariot," and begged that we would do the same, as they had been already provided. Of course the Minister assented readily to this, after which we passed to the jetty where said "chariots" were in waiting. Our "local Mandarin" had called these vehicles "chariots," but upon inspection they proved to be covered carts, rigged upon two wheels, perfectly innocent of springs, drawn by a very large mule, and presenting a most anti-dyspeptic *tout-ensemble*. In fear and trembling we gazed upon these engines of torture, silently making up our minds to meet the fate of the bottle of medicine, which was "to be well shaken before taken"—into the presence of the Governor General. We had already learned the name of this gentleman from our accomplished interpreter, the Rev. Mr. Martin, of Ningpo, and expected from its nature to see something very grand. His name was "Hang," and this translated into English reads Illimitable Happiness. What a name for a small, dried-up, and superlatively cunning little-old-man—a *Chinaman* at that. I was very much disappointed in the "*tout-ensemble*" of Mr. Illimitable Happiness.*

As the sun was very hot, we got into our unpromising carts with as little delay as possible. The half naked drivers seemed to grin maliciously as we exerted ourselves over the uncommon task. For though a man be as active as a cat, I defy him to encase himself in a dress coat, sword, &c., and then get gracefully into an oblong box, elevated three feet from the ground, and so small and low after you do get inside, that one cannot turn about. Then when—from a scarcity of "*chariots*"—it becomes incumbent upon a *second* tightly encased individual to introduce himself in after you, the varied change of position and grace (?) of attitude to which he is forced to resort in his trouble, are absurd in the extreme. After thus successfully *entering* our "chariots" we *lay down*. Why? Because there were neither seats or room to enable us to preserve a more dignified position. And after we had lain down, our respective drivers cracked their respective whips, and away we went at a most "*break-neck* pace." To save mine I raised myself upon an elbow, and experiencing considerable relief, opened my mouth to suggest a similar action to my friend—unfortunate impulse of charity! I had not got out the first word, when, together came my teeth, with a succession of ungovernable chatterings, which caused me to associate my tongue with minced-meat, and keep it quiet for the remainder of the ride. Our drivers jolted us through narrow and tortuous streets, leading between one-story mud houses, and finally pulled up in front of a stone archway, through which we looked and saw a large flagged court-yard, backed by a two-story stone building. We had passed through several hundred scowling (some of them) soldiers, drawn up closely against the walls of the houses as we passed, and were now received by at least a hundred Mandarins, headed by Illimitable Happiness in person. A "Second in Authority," whose name translated means "Letters," stood at his right, and the ninety-eight other high and low Mandarins gathered in the rear. We were all presented in turn, and followed Messrs. Illimitable Happiness and Letters to an open hall facing the back of the court-yard. The ninety-eight other Mandarins followed in our wake. Square tables, capable of sitting four persons, and covered with *seventeen kinds* of sweetmeats and candied fruits, were ranged regularly around this apartment. At one of the centre of those sat the Minister and Flag Officer, by invitation of the Governor, at another sat the latter and Mr. Letters, and at the others (two at each), then gathered the rest of us—the ninety-eight Mandarins remained standing during the entire ceremony of two hours. They fanning themselves, the four large bugs talking, and we, the small-fry, examining into the nature of the seventeen dishes. It seemed that our jolting had driven away all recollection of breakfast.

Seated between the two tables, occupied respectively by the Governor-General and Treasurer, and by the Minister and Flag Officer—the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, Presbyterian missionary to Ningpo, listened first to the Mandarin* of the Governor-General, which he put into English for the Minister, and then to the English of the latter, which he put into Mandarin for the former. His voice was measured and distinct, so that everything was heard, by both Chinese and Americans. The sense of the interview was about as follows—

The Governor-General first satisfied himself as to the present health of the Minister and Flag Officer.

Secondly, as to their age.

Thirdly, as to the number of children of each.

Fourthly, as to whether the Flag Officer was a grandfather.

Return inquiries of a pleasant nature were now indulged in—after answering which, Mr. Illimitable Happiness asked—

"Why have you come north?"

Taking it for granted that every one knew the object of our visit, Mr. Ward was somewhat at a loss to account for this question.

"His object is to introduce business," observed Mr. Martin.

"Tell him," replied the Minister, "that I am here for the purpose of exchanging the treaty made last year at Tein-sing. That treaty allows me to come thus far toward Pei-king with that object, and I now notify the Chinese Government that I await their co-operation. I have also a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor, which I am instructed to deliver in person to his Majesty, should there be no objection to my visiting Pei-king. Should there be objection to this, the treaties can be exchanged here, as no particular place is specified therein."

The reply of Mr. Illimitable Happiness—

"The Emperor will be very glad to see the Minister of such a great and *friendly* Power as the United States. I have long since had orders to conduct him, with proper respect, to Pei-king, but it will still be necessary to await a final order. I ask, therefore, that he will consent to wait until I can communicate with the Emperor. *Ten days* is the limit I ask for, but I hope to hear much sooner."

Of course this request was complied with, and the conversation then became more general.

Wishing the ship to be regularly supplied with fresh provisions during our stay, the Flag Officer introduced inquiries on the subject.

"Certainly!" replied the Governor, "and here is the Mandarin who has been instructed to ascertain your daily wants, and supply them free of cost."

"But that will never do!" returned the Flag Officer, "we must pay for all that we get."

"No! no!" objected the Governor, in return, "you are now *our guests*, and we cannot receive pay."

And here "the battle was drawn," and we shortly after left, with this question still in dispute, and with a very fair prospect of seeing Pei-king before the 1st of August. I shall write you from that "Royal City," of course.

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*This word is not Chinese, nor is it even *known* to them. It is used by Europeans, first to express rank; secondly, as the name of the dialect spoken throughout the north of China. It is supposed to be derived from the Spanish word Mandar, *to order*—they having had early communication with these people. All Chinese officials must speak this dialect, hence being spoken by persons called Mandarins by foreigners, the latter naturally have continued the name to it. Every Mandarin wears a round button upon the top of his hat, the color of which button proclaims his rank. I think there are twenty of these "buttons," perhaps more.

*Speaking of *names*, reminds me that I want to say a few words upon the subject. As a child, I was taught to spell Pei-king, "Pekin," and Nan-king, "Nankin." Now the Chinese pronounce these names—"Pay-king," and "Naan-king."—which sounds, we are told by the latest authorities to represent by the letters—Pei-king, and Nan-king; thus they should be so represented. "Pei" means *northern*, and "Nan" means *southern*, and "king" means *Royal City*. Thus we have "The Royal City of the North," and "The Royal City of the South;" a style of nomenclature easily accounted for, when we reflect that Nan-king was the Capital of China before the Tartar invasion, three hundred years since; and that Pei-king has been so ever since that date. In the same way do we account for the name Pei-ho River, and of the Pei-tang forts, where we met the Governor-General. The former means "Pei," Northern; and "Ho," River:—while the other is "Pei," Northern; and "Tang," Embankments. Northern River, and, Northern Embankments.

THE ELECTIONS.

New York.—That portion of the Republican ticket which was supported by the Americans, is elected by about 20,000 majority. That portion opposed by the combined vote of Democrats and Americans is probably elected by a small majority—though it is still doubtful.

The Legislature is Republican, both branches, by about thirty majority.

The vote of New York city is only about half the registered votes—the registry list however was notoriously exaggerated and imperfect. Those portions of the Republican and Democratic tickets which the Americans supported, received a majority in the city. The joint Democratic and American majority over the Republican vote in the city is about 17,000.

New Jersey.—Full returns from New Jersey give Olden a majority of 2,126. There is a Democratic majority in the Legislature of 3 on joint ballot.

Wisconsin.—The Republicans have carried the State. The Legislature also is Republican.

Louisiana.—The Democratic ticket is successful—the majority not stated. The American majority in New Orleans is about 2,500.

Massachusetts.—Banks, (Repub.) for Governor, has a majority of upwards of 9,000 on the whole vote. His plurality over Butler (Dem.) is more than 23,000. The Democratic strength in the Legislature is somewhat increased—though the Republicans have a large majority.

Illinois.—McClellan (Dem.) is elected to fill the Congressional vacancy caused by the death of Thomas L. Harris, by 4,000 to 5,000 majority.

California.—The official vote for Governor was as follows:—Latham, (Lecomp. Dem.) 62,205; Currey, (Anti-Lecomp. Dem.) 31,298; Stanford, (Repub.) 10,110.

Members of Congress—Scott, 57,498; Burch, 58,216; McKibben, 43,464; Booker, 2,969; Baker, 41,037; Sibley, 301. Scott and Burch are Administration Democrats, McKibben and Booker Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and Baker and Sibley Republicans.

Kansas.—Parrott's (Repub.) majority for delegate to Congress, from Kansas, will probably reach 3,000 votes. The Republicans have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
Interpreter between gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. —*Tennyson.*

☞ A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may wave over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten,—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the Battle of Waterloo.

HARPER'S FERRY.

Trials Concluded—Stevens Handed Over to the United States—Brown's Plans—Sentenced, &c.

In the case of the free-negro Copeland, the jury found a verdict of not guilty of treason, as charged in the first count of the indictment. (he not being recognized as a citizen,) and guilty of conspiracy with the slaves to rebel, and of murder, as charged in the second and third counts.

Stevens was then brought in, but a telegraphic despatch from Gov. Wise recommended that Cook be tried by the State, and Stevens handed over to the Federal authorities.

Mr. Hunter stated that he had been in correspondence for several days with Gov. Wise, and had in his possession a number of facts important to the development of this case, which were unknown to the public, and would, for the present remain so. He had, since his last letter to the Governor, come into the possession of other facts which pointed to Stephens as the most available party to be handed over to the Federal authority, as, he felt assured, enough would be ascertained to result in bringing before the Federal bar a number of the prominent Abolition fanatics of the North.

After some discussion, it was stated that Stevens himself preferred to be tried by the Federal Court, and he was then handed over to the United States Marshal Martin, and lodged in jail, where he will remain until the term of the Federal Court at Staunton, which will not meet for some time.

Charlestown, Nov. 9.—The trial of Cook attracted a great crowd in the Court-room, both yesterday and to-day. Governor Willard and Mr. Crowley, the brother-in-law of the prisoner, occupied seats beside him. His counsel are J. R. McDonald, Esq., Attorney General, and Mr. Voorhees, District Attorney of Indiana, and Messrs. Lawson Botts and Thomas C. Green, of the Virginia bar. The prisoner was well dressed, and maintained a firm and dignified demeanor.

He plead guilty to all the counts of the indictment except that charging treason. The demurrer to the count of treason was urged by the counsel and overruled by the Court.

Mr. Green, for the prisoner, admitted the fact of the prisoner conspiring with slaves to rebel, which is punishable with death, or imprisonment for life.

Mr. Hunter then rose and read the confession of Cook. It is written by himself, and fills twenty-five foolscap pages. It elicits nothing new, except the fact that he implicates Fred Douglass and Dr. Howe. The confession is to be published in a pamphlet, for the benefit of Samuel C. Young, one of the wounded men at Harper's Ferry.

The session of the Court to-day was spent in taking testimony, and opening the argument for the State.

The public feeling against Cook is stronger than against any of the other prisoners. He is regarded as having been a spy for the insurrectionists.

Strong efforts will be made by Gov. Willard to save his life.

John Brown's Idea of His Position and His Plan.—The Charlestown correspondent of the New York Tribune says that John Brown says: "'I do not know that I ought to encourage any attempt to save my life. I am not sure that it would not be better for me to die at this time. I am not incapable of error, and I may be wrong; but I think that perhaps my objects would be nearer fulfillment if I should die. I must give it some thought.' There is no insincerity about this, you may be sure. Brown does not value his life; or, at least, is wholly unmoved at the prospect of losing it. He was never more firm than at this moment. The only compunctions he expresses are in relation to his management at Harper's Ferry, by which he lost not only himself, but sacrificed his associates. He sometimes says that if he had pursued his original plan of immediate escape to the mountains, he could never have been taken, for he and his men had studied the vicinity thoroughly, and knew it a hundred times better than any of the inhabitants. It was, he says, his weakness in yielding to the entreaties of his prisoners, and delaying his departure, that ruined him. 'It was the first time,' are his words, 'that I ever lost command of myself, and now I am punished for it.'"

The same correspondent gives the following account of what Brown's plan really was. He says:—

"I have not heard of any body, who, whatever crimes he may have attributed to Brown, has doubted his word. Here is his own account of his purpose at Harper's Ferry:

"He had calculated upon, and fully expected to accomplish, a rescue of a great number of slaves. To maintain a warlike position in Virginia for any definite period was not his object. The idea of his seizing the armory for the sake of the weapons it contained he will not admit. He says he had far better weapons of his own. His occupying it at all was a variation from his original determination. He had decided to take Col. Washington and the other prisoners to the Harper's Ferry bridge, and there to establish a commanding position, from which he would insist upon exchanges of slaves for his prisoners. In case he should have been dislodged, he would have retreated in haste to the mountains, with the intricacies of which he had made himself so much more familiar than the inhabitants themselves, that he believed he could defy all attempts to apprehend him. He had supposed that, after a few days of successful evasion, he would be joined by hundreds of slaves anxious to escape, by whose aid he could have perfected arrangements for an enormous rescue. This, as I understand it, was his real plan.

"The reason of the change was, he avers, that as the night of the rising was very severely cold, he suddenly concluded to have the prisoners taken to the armory, where they would not be exposed to the weather, anticipating no trouble in moving on with them, in case he should not be able to effect the exchanges with negroes before the general alarm should spread. Disappointed in this hope, he had only to fight to the end.

"Some one, the other day, asked Brown the reason why he did not go further South to make this attempt. He answered that there were strong objections on the score of humanity—meaning, as was afterward explained, that the ferocity of the slaves further South could not have been checked, and that a great massacre would have been the result."

Mrs. Brown.—This lady, the wife of Brown, when she got to Baltimore, received, it is said, the following telegraphic message:—"Do not, for God's sake, come here now. John Brown." She accordingly returned.

Gov. Wise no Power to Pardon Brown.—It is ascertained that, under the laws of Virginia, the Governor cannot pardon a person convicted of treason to the Commonwealth, except with the consent of the General Assembly, declared by joint resolution. What the Legislature will do is not known. But, in order to secure the interference of the Legislature, an extra session must be held, as the regular session does not begin until January, a month after the time (December 2) fixed upon for the execution of Brown.

In case Brown's sanity is doubted, a jury can be called at any time to investigate the subject.

Charlestown, Nov. 10.—The court remained in session until 9 o'clock, when the jury in the case of Cook rendered a verdict of guilty on the charge of murder and insurrection.

Before the jury retired to consider upon the verdict, Mr. Voorhees delivered a most powerful appeal in favor of the prisoner, which drew tears from the eyes of the most embittered of his auditors.

This morning a motion for a new trial for Cook, made by his counsel, was argued and finally overruled by the judge.

Mr. Harding, the District Attorney, refused to sign a *nolle pros* in favor of Stevens, demanding that he shall be tried by the Virginia State court. The court has, however, handed the prisoner over to the United States Marshal, paying no attention to the objection of Mr. Harding.

The court sentenced Cook, Green, Coppie, and Copeland to be executed on Friday the 16th of December. It is supposed that Governor Wise will respite Brown, and execute the whole of the condemned prisoners on the same day. The court has adjourned for the term.

When the prisoners were brought before the court, for sentence, the negroes Copeland and Green declined to say anything. Cook and Coppie both addressed the court, denying that they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to seize Harper's Ferry until the Sunday previous, when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to their commander. They expected to be punished, but did not think they should be hung.

Haslett will not be tried until the May term of the court. The negro prisoners are to be executed on the morning of the 16th of December, and the whites in the afternoon.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox, of Nottingham, was a member of the Society of Friends, and he was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was deeply excited by serving the office of overseer; and seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates, he resolved to economise the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many parishes for the overseers and the committee who attended the weekly payments of the paupers to have a good dinner at the close of their day's labor, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practice. He therefore hastened away before the close of the weekly payment to the dining-room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:—"Is the dinner ready?" "Yes, sir." "Then bring it in." "Are the gentlemen ready, sir?" "Never mind the gentlemen; I say bring it in." And this was done. "Now, call all the poor people, friend; now call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir!" "This dinner is for the gentlemen." "For the gentlemen? oh! who pays for it then, do the gentlemen?" The workhouse master staring most amazingly said, "Why no, sir, I reckon not; it's paid for out of the poor-rates." "Out of the poor-rates; to be sure it is, thou art right. The rates are for the poor men, and not for the gentlemen. Poor-rates, eh! I think we have no gentlemen's rates, so fetch in the poor at once and look quick." The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not to give the alarm to the gentlemen, and in a few seconds was hurried in a whole host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at table. William Fox then bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house. It was a workhouse, indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and handing good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement. "Why," exclaimed they, "what is this? why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?" "I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor had a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me, and I will give him one." The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the parish cost during William Fox's year of office.

Anecdote of the Duke of Portland.—Mr. Howitt gives the following interesting anecdote of the Duke of Portland.—"The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling year after year into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, through poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. 'John,' says the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, 'I want to look over the farm a little.' As they went along, 'Really,' said he, 'everything is in a very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands. You shall look after it for me, and I will pay your wages.' Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Crops and stocks flourished, fences and out-buildings were put into good repair. In two or three rent-days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was paying its way. The Duke on his next visit said:—'Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again. You shall be tenant again, and as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there.' The Duke then rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the Duke was the happier man of the two."

☞ He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—*Bacon.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The King of Sardinia had received a letter from the Emperor of France, urging his assent to the terms and treaty with Austria.—Among other things, Napoleon makes the following demand:

That the Duke of Modena shall be recalled to his State.

That the Duchy of Parma shall be united to Piedmont.

That Tuscany shall be augmented in territory and restored to the Grand Duke.

And that the projected confederation of the States of Italy shall (with moderate reforms) be carried out.

Garibaldi had arrived at Turin to hold an interview with King Victor Emmanuel. His reception along the route had been most enthusiastic.

The report that France intended to aid Spain in the war against Morocco, in a similar way to the support given to Piedmont during the late war, is officially disclaimed.

The preparations of Spain in the expedition against Morocco were being pushed forward vigorously, and it was expected that offensive operations would be commenced about the 8th instant.

It is asserted that the Congress of the Powers will take place, with the adhesion of England.

The Great Eastern rode out the recent gale admirably.

The condition of affairs in Naples was alarming, and a fight was thought to be impending.

Sad Wreck.—The ship Royal Charter was wrecked in the recent gale. The vessel struck at 2 o'clock A. M. The strain being too great for her cables, one heroic sailor swam ashore and made fast a hawser, by which several lives were saved, and more might have been rescued had not the vessel parted in two with a dreadful crash.

The passengers and crew were either killed by the falling masts or perished in the waves. Four hundred and seventy persons were lost, and thirty-one saved. All the women and children perished. The bullion (£500,000) it is expected will be recovered.

The only parts of the ship standing on Wednesday evening was a small part of the stern, with the wheel and screw lighting apparatus.

Before striking, her cables parted, one after another. She tried to steam off the coast, but the wind blowing a hurricane, she drifted ashore.

Several bodies were washed ashore, the majority of them being greatly mutilated.—Men were picking up gold sovereigns off the rocks, and an efficient guard was much needed.

China.—Hong-Kong dates are to Sept. 13th. The American Ambassador had returned to Pekin, without having obtained the ratified treaty at that city. The ratification of the treaty had taken place, by Commissioner, at Pe-Hoang.

Mr. Ward's Visit to Pekin.—A letter from Shanghae, dated Aug. 22nd, says that the U. S. steamship Powhatan, with Minister Ward, has just arrived from the Peiho. The following statement is furnished by her officers.

On the 16th of July, the Powhatan was anchored off Peitang, when an imperial edict arrived, that the American Minister and his suite of twenty should be escorted with all honor to Pekin. On the 20th, Mr. Ward and suite landed, were received by an escort, and conducted to Pekin with every show of respect. They first travelled 45 miles across the country in covered carts, striking the Peiho ten miles above the Tien-Tsing; thence proceeded in junks within eleven miles of Pekin, whence they again took carts to the capitol. The trip occupied eight and a half days. The Legation remained at Pekin thirteen days, during which they were confined to their quarters—not, however, as prisoners, for they were at liberty at any moment to walk out, but the Commissioner refused the use of horses and guides, leaving it with Mr. Ward to remain or not, as he pleased. They would, doubtless, however, have closed the gates entirely, had not Mr. Ward taken a firm stand at the first interview, that as soon as his movements were at all restrained, he would close all intercourse and demand his return under escort. It seems that the Emperor was very anxious to see Mr. Ward, but that he also insisted upon his performing "kotow," that is, prostrating himself nine times, with his head to the ground, which was positively refused. The result was, that, on the fourteenth day, it was finally concluded to receive the President's letter at Pekin, and sent Mr. Ward back to Peitang to exchange the treaty, and the next day they returned. At Peitang, on the 16th, the treaties were exchanged, and an English prisoner, named John Powell, was given up, having proclaimed himself an American.

The U. S. steamers Mississippi and Powhatan were at Shanghae, the Toeywam at the Gulf of Peaheli, and the Germantown at Japan.

The Paris correspondent of the London News, says that the recent meeting of the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent of Prussia, is the subject of great anxiety at Paris. The general impression there is that they agreed not to oppose the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont.

"Le Nord" says that the Emperor Alexander's reception at Warsaw of the Arch-Duke Albert, the bearer of overtures from Vienna, was most ceremonious, formal and cold.

It is stated that the divers, after an examination of the wreck of the Royal Charter, reported so unsatisfactorily as to the probable recovery of the gold, that the underwriters have demanded forty per cent. insurance. Fears are entertained that the bullion room will not be found intact. A few additional bodies have been recovered.

The last commercial dates—Liverpool, Nov. 1—say that Cotton closes with an advancing tendency, especially for fair and middling qualities, which are 1-16a1d higher for clean descriptions. Some of the circulars say that the extreme prices were obtained, but no quotable change. Middling Orleans is quoted at 7 7-16d, and middling Uplands at 6 15-16d.

Breadstuffs were quiet. Flour dull but steady. Wheat steady. Corn has advanced 6da1s; lower qualities have improved most.

Provisions closed dull. Lard is quiet, closing steady. Bacon is dull. Sugar steady; Rice quiet; Coffee quiet. Rosin steady at 4s 2d for common. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 34s 3da34s 6d. Tallow was without change. Ashes—Pots closed steady at 27s 6d. Pearls steady at 27s 9d.

A Woman Passing as a Man for Forty Years.—A most extraordinary revelation was made at an inquest recently, before the coroner for Salford, England. The body of a man was found in the sluice at Mode Wheel, on the river Irwell, and in the evening an inquest was held. On inquiry, it was found that the deceased, who went by the name of Henry Stokes, was in fact a woman; that she had worked as a bricksetter for about a quarter of a century; that she had been twice married during that period; had kept a beer shop in Manchester during the early part of her career, but in every way conducted herself as a man. The jury, after an examination, returned a verdict of "found drowned."

At the recent Agricultural Fair at Columbia, South Carolina, two native Africans were exhibited, and received the award of a silver goblet.

News from Texas says that it is almost certain that the town of Brownsville has fallen into the hands of Cortinas. The Mexican Flag was flying four miles above the town. All communication had been cut off. The entire population on both sides of the Rio Grande were in arms, with the intention of exterminating the Americans and re-conquering the country to Colorado river. The Texan state authorities seem to take it very coolly however.

AN INFANT BABOON.

The following curious account of a baboon family is translated from a recent French work, by M. Boitard, for Goodrich's Illustrated Natural History:

There have been and still are in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants, Paris, a number of baboons, and four years ago, a female who had a young one furnished one of the most amusing and singular spectacles I ever witnessed. She was placed with it in a cage, near the one she formerly occupied with several other animals of the same species. The infant baboon was hideously ugly, but she lavished upon it the most tender caresses. When it was eight days old, the door of communication was opened, and her male entered. The mother, seated in the middle of the cage, held the young heir in her arms, precisely as a nurse would do under similar circumstances. The happy father approached and embraced his mate with French gallantry upon each side of the face; he then kissed the little one, and sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

The door was again opened, and the baboon friends entered one after another, each embracing the mother, who, however, would not allow them to touch the young one. They seated themselves in a circle and moved their lips, as if felicitating the happy couple on the arrival of the son and heir, and perhaps finding in it a marvellous resemblance to either the father or mother. This scene was very much like that which often takes place in the human family on similar occasions, except that we suspect the felicitations were more heartfelt and genuine on the part of the brutes, than on that of their more favored prototypes.

All the baboons wished to caress the young one; but no sooner did one of them put forward his hand, than a good slap from the mother warned him of his indiscretion. Those who were placed behind her stretched their hand out slily, slid it under her arm and succeeded sometimes, to their great joy, in touching the little one without the mother perceiving it, particularly when she was engaged in conversation. But a smart correction soon taught them that their indiscretion was observed, and they quickly retreated. It was evident that the monkey mother, thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her position, knew perfectly well how to divide her attention between her guests and her infant charge.

Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
—*Tennyson: Idylls of the King.*

☞ The only love in which a man has no rival, is in the wonderful love he generally has for himself.

☞ A Connecticut poet gives us the following bit of local descriptions. The last line is highly expressive:

The French-Branch rises from rough places
Between Five-Mile and Quinebaug:
Five-Mile from lake called by red faces
Chargogagogmanchogagog!

☞ It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.—*Tillotson.*

☞ It is a common saying of moralists that the lower orders of animals have not the vices of man, yet it is certain that some of the insects are *backbiters*, and all of the quadrupeds *tale-bearers*.

☞ The excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some useful truth in few words.—*Johnson.*

☞ The most valuable part of man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

☞ The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find, that all humane virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—*Socrates.*

☞ It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

☞ Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

☞ The great wrong of society is in listening to every idle rumor—every malignant report—every vindictive "hearsay"—which may be set a-going, whether such a rumor affects the integrity of a man or the honor of a woman.

☞ Henry Grattan's Sayings.—"Two artists have contributed not a little to the popularity of Charles the First, Vandyke and the Headsman."

"There is now a State religion—not a Christian religion."

"Were a man to be offered life, with a foresight of all the evils that attend it, would he not reject it?"—*Rogers's Recollections.*

☞ Transported for life—the man who marries happily.

☞ The most influential man, in a free country at least, is the man who has the ability as well as the courage, to speak what he thinks when occasion require it.

Baltimore, Nov. 13.—Considerable excitement still prevails at Charlestown, Virginia. The Mayor has issued a proclamation appointing a committee to look after strangers and bring them before the Justice of the Peace. Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Jewett, the latter the Leslie Artist, received notice from Col. Taylor that they were not safe, and accordingly left, arriving here to-day. Mr. Jewett was accused of being the correspondent of the New York Tribune, whose letters have caused considerable ill-feeling.

A man calling himself McDonald, was arrested at Washington on the 12th, as a Harper's Ferry insurgent. His breast and chest are wounded.

LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when in the East
The day is blooming like a rose of fire,
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power!
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour!

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
And, on the tablet of the thunder clouds,
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name!
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when in the West,
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die;
When givest thou, Lord, our hearts more blest repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep:
When beckonest thou, oh, Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights?

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form!
Greater in none—simply most great in all:
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call;
"Lord, thou art great!" oh, let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim.

—*Moravian, (Bethlehem,) Pa.*

POMMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM." "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

XI.

Autumn weather was advancing early that year, and, though it was scarcely past the middle of September, the skies were gloomy, and the whistling wind rose in mournful strains, now rushing along in terrific gusts, and now gently shaking the trees with a sighing sound of lamentation. Twilight was drawing on apace. Seated in one of the rooms of the south tower of Pommeroy Abbey were two ladies, conversing in an under tone; they were the lady of Pommeroy and her sister-in-law, Joan, who was on a visit to her. The apartment, one of elegant refinement, but very small, looked not abroad to the open country, but to the court-yard.

There were three households at Pommeroy. The lady of Pommeroy, mother of the young lord, occupied the south wing, and the south tower, newly renovated and furnished; Mrs. Pommeroy, widow of Guy, once lord of Pommeroy, and her young daughter, inhabited part of the front pile; and Leolin Pommeroy, with his wife, Lady Anna, dwelt in the rest; the rooms at the back, with the north and west towers, being uninhabited.

"How the wind howls!" exclaimed Miss Pommeroy, shivering as the blast seemed to shake the tower. "Sybilla, I wonder you prefer this sitting-room on these windy nights."

"It is more cheerful, Joan. The drawing-rooms in the wing are large and dreary, for they look out on that moaning, shrieking forest over the hill, with its dark trees bowing down. I think trees are the most melancholy objects you can be near when the wind puts on this peculiar sound. In this room, though the wind seems to shake it, we look out on the court, and see the lights and the signs of life."

"I have observed that on this day the wind always does come up in these blasts," returned Joan, in a whisper that seemed to shrink from its own echo. "It is as if the dead were abroad."

"What now, Joan? what do you mean by 'this day?'" quickly asked the lady of Pommeroy.

"It is the 17th of September," replied Miss Pommeroy, as she crossed herself.

"Do I not know it? have I not attended the mass in the chapel? But, Joan, do not speak of the dead being abroad: you should shake off the Pommeroy superstition."

"It is now nine years since the fatal night, four of its anniversaries I have passed in the abbey, and each time it has been one of these howling, gloomy days. They are enough to call up feelings of superstition in themselves alone."

"Not so, Joan; save to a mind prone to indulge in it."

That day nine years had been a memorable one for the Pommeroys. In that room of the west tower, exactly opposite to the one they sat in, a room shunned for long, long years before, as being the haunt of a departed spirit, wronged in life, Guy, lord of Pommeroy, had been murdered by his handsome brother Rupert; and Rupert had ever since been an exile.

On this evening sat Alice, widow of Guy, in her dressing-room, whose windows likewise faced the west tower. The customary anniversary mass for the repose of the soul of the departed lord had been said that morning in the chapel attached to the abbey. She had attended it as usual, and at its conclusion had withdrawn to the solitude of her dressing-room, barred against intruders for the remainder of the day. She sat with her eyes fixed on the windows of the fatal room, the haunted room, as it was called, and indulged her reflections. What could those reflections be? full of guilty remorse, of repentance for the fate she had been instrumental in bringing upon her husband? for that stealthy intimacy with his brother which had led to the catastrophe? No; not so much that, as a yearning, irrepressible longing once more to behold Rupert. She had never forgiven the part acted towards her by Guy, had never excused it, even in the slightest degree. She had steeled her heart to him before his death and after it, and the provocation given to him by herself and Rupert had lost to her mind its guilty sting. "He brought it upon himself," she would mutter by the hour together; "why did he serve us so?"—All these long years her heart had ached with suspense and pain, as to what had become of Rupert; at moments she would doubt whether he was dead, but a conviction was seated firmly within her that he was not dead, and that she should see him again.

The moon had risen high as Mrs. Pommeroy sat, and its rays fell full on the haunted chamber; so had they fallen on the ever-to-be-remembered night, when she was within it with Rupert. She raised her hands to her still young and beautiful face, and, pressing its temples, spoke aloud in her abandonment of remembrance and grief.

"Why does he not come back? why does he not come to me? I would ask but an hour with him, one hour when he might speak comfort to my worn and weary heart; when we might strengthen each other to bear up, on our lone and miserable way. He might come back and assume his rights; he might; let them talk as they will, punishment could not justly fall upon him; it was no murder; it was a scuffle—am I not here to testify to it? the wicked lord drew his pistol on him, and Rupert turned it back on him in self-defence. He is the true lord; even Sybilla says it, though it would dispossess her child—oh, if he would but come back! if he would but come back! How different would my life be if he were here, the reigning lord! Now it is one long blank scene of apathy; nothing else for me, save remembrance—and that I drive away. Rupert is the true——"

Mrs. Pommeroy's voice died suddenly, but her mouth remained open in dread amazement. If ever she saw the figure of Rupert Pommeroy, she thought she saw it then, at the window of the haunted room. In spite of the wild wish she had just expressed, she gazed in dismay, striving to peer beyond the panes on which the moonlight fell, striving to still her beating heart: that some one was moving about, inside that room, was certain. It appeared to be a male figure of remarkable height, as Rupert's was—and indeed so had Guy's been, for the matter of that. He came forward more than once, and she distinctly saw his head bent against the panes of the window: and, even as she looked, a light for one brief moment appeared in the room, so that she discerned the outlines of his form. A strange thrill ran through her, as she saw it, for it was certainly that of Rupert. But the light—what was that for? it appeared as though a match had been struck and as instantly extinguished.

Curious fancies come into a woman's mind, and into a man's also sometimes. Mrs. Pommeroy arrived at the conclusion, by a process of reasoning, which had little of reason in it, that he had struck the flash of light to give her token of his presence. She passed over the fact that the flash must have been as visible to the other windows as to hers, and that wondering eyes might likewise be at them.

With a sudden cry of hope, of happiness, she started from her seat. Throwing a large shawl over her head which also enveloped her figure, to guard against recognition, she sped down the staircase of her rooms, crossed the court-yard, and entered the piazza which ran underneath the north wing. As she swiftly hurried along it, the remembrance of another night arose to her, when some one else had likewise stolen down it, disguised under a grey capuchin. Mrs. Pommeroy shuddered and pressed onwards. Her progress was stopped. Arrived at the door of the north tower, she found it locked and fast. How then could Rupert have gained admittance to the rooms? And if he had thus gained admittance and locked them after him, why had he signalled for her? Mrs. Pommeroy gathered herself into a corner to solve the mystery.

She could not do it. She glided back and entered a turning that took her to the window of the key-closet, in the north wing, the apartments of the household of Leolin Pommeroy. The closet was dark, for the window looked not to the open day, and a light burned in the closet day and night. Peering closely in, with her keen eyes, Mrs. Pommeroy saw the bunch of keys, belonging to the closed rooms, hanging in its respective niche.

Then what she had long suspected must be the fact—that Rupert possessed duplicate keys by which he had admitted himself, on that long-passed night of horror: for Jerome had afterwards declared that the keys, of which he was then the custodian, had not left his hands. Rupert must have kept them by him all these years, and was now making use of them again. Was it by an oversight he had now locked out Mrs. Pommeroy? he had left the doors open for her then.

Mrs. Pommeroy sped back to her own apartments and entered Bridget's sitting-room, the attendant on her daughter, Mary Pommeroy. Bridget was kneeling down in the dark, her face just above the sill of the window, and as close to its glass as Mrs. Pommeroy's has just been to that of the key-closet. She started up with a cry of surprise at the entrance of her mistress.

"Why are you in darkness?" sharply demanded Mrs. Pommeroy. "I ordered you to put the lace on Miss Mary's peach frock to-night. What are you looking at?"

Bridget made no reply. She opened the store cupboard to get out her candle and box of matches, but before lighting it she turned to draw down the blind.

"I ask you, Bridget what you were looking at: glued to the window in that manner! Let the blind alone; let the candle alone; and tell me."

"I will tell you, madam, if you please, but I do not know whether it would be well to do so," replied Bridget, speaking readily, now that she had broken the silence.

"Are you to constitute yourself a judge of what may or may not be told me?" haughtily returned Mrs. Pommeroy. "Speak instantly."

Bridget drew away from what faint light came in at the window, and stood completely in the dark while she spoke, her voice dropped to a whisper. "Madam, Mr. Rupert is come back at last."

Mrs. Pommeroy's heart leaped within her: she had been pretty sure of it herself, but it was welcome confirmation. "How do you know it? Have you seen him?" she inquired, and her imperious tone had changed to one sweet as honey.

"I have seen him every night for a week in the haunted room opposite," replied Bridget. "I saw him to-night, a quarter of an hour ago, and I was watching for him again, madam, when you came in."

"You have seen him for a week past!" uttered Mrs. Pommeroy, in amazement.

"Just one week ago this night, madam, was the first time. It was a deal later than this, and a dark night. Miss Mary was restless: she had gone to bed in anger with mademoiselle, her governess, and she could not sleep, and called me to go in and tell her some tales. Well, madam, I did so, and sat till she was asleep, and then I came back here. I stood a few minutes at the window before relighting my candle, which I had put out, and was watching the servants' lights in the north wing—there were plenty of them alight, for, if you remember, madam, Mr. Leolin had a gentleman's dinner-party that night. All in a moment, I saw a flash of light in the haunted room; it went out again immediately, but not before I had caught the form of Mr. Rupert. I was struck with fright. I thought what will become of him if he lets himself be seen. I watched the best part of the night, but I saw no more, and I have watched every night since, and seen him in it: never for above a moment until last night. Last evening, madam, he stood for five minutes, good, at the window in the moonlight."

"Is he much altered, Bridget?" faintly asked Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Nay, madam, but how can I tell from this distance? I have but caught the outlines of his figure and face."

"Bridget"—and Mrs. Pommeroy's voice trembled with its emotion—"are you sure you are not mistaken? Is it veritably Mr. Rupert?"

"Was there ever a tall, noble form like his, madam—save the lord's, and he has been under the sod nine years. Six feet three inches, and of noble proportions! No, madam, I cannot mistake the form or the turn of the head of Mr. Rupert Pommeroy."

"I thought I saw him myself this evening," whispered Mrs. Pommeroy. "You have not told of this?"

"Surely not," answered Bridget, "it is not I that would tell aught to bring ill luck upon a Pommeroy. But I wish he could be warned of the hazard he runs: others may see him, and might haste with open mouth to spread the news abroad. I misdoubt that he must have taken up his abode in those rooms—but how can he get his food?"

Mrs. Pommeroy leaned against the window-frame, and thought. Her project of penetrating to the west tower was growing feasible. "Bridget, you must go into the north wing and get me the keys," she said, aloud. "I will warn him myself."

Bridget could scarcely answer for surprise. "Madam, the custodian would never trust me with the keys!"

"You can take them without his knowledge. Use your cunning."

"But if Mr. Rupert should have got the keys himself?" again began Bridget; and Mrs. Pommeroy, with a sharp word, frowned her away upon her errand.

She stole again through the piazza and waited. It seemed to her that a long time elapsed and no signs of Bridget; but, to impatience, time moves with heavy wheels. Bridget came at last, and began boasting of the stratagem by which she had obtained possession of the keys; but Mrs. Pommeroy cut the tale short, and desired her to go in.

"Madam—shall you like to go up alone!" whispered the woman.

"I will do it, whether I like or not," was the valiant reply of Mrs. Pommeroy. "The lord must be warned of the peril to himself—and the disgrace he may bring on the Pommeroys," she evasively added.

"The lord!" repeated Bridget, opening her eyes and mouth.

"He is the lord," passionately returned Mrs. Pommeroy; "however others may have usurped his place."

Mrs. Pommeroy went up the stairs of the north tower, and into the rooms of the west wing, unlocking the doors as she came to them. The windows of all these rooms faced the court-yard, and the moonlight streamed in, affording her sufficient light. Trembling and sick, not only at the thought of meeting Rupert, but with the dread of passing through these dismal rooms alone, about which such ghostly tales were told, she swept swiftly on and gained the haunted room in the west tower, the wind shrieking ominously in her ears. She marvelled at her own courage; but that she was hastening to his sheltering presence, she could never have dared it.

Did she remember how she had last stolen into that room, nine years ago? Did she remember her second visit to it on that fatal night? How she had crept in with steps of dread to discover the effects of the fearful scuffle from which she had flown, and had fallen over her husband, dead upon the ground? And now she was creeping into it again, to find—what? nothing pleasant, she might be sure. Was not the last sufficient warning for her? Did she think that wicked doings brought pleasure with them?

Where was Rupert? The room was empty. It was a small circular room, and the moonlight enabled her to see to every part of it. What was this mystery? the rooms all locked, and this one empty? She began to shiver and shake.

"Rupert!" she called out, faintly at first, but desperation gave her courage, and her voice echoed through the silent rooms. "Rupert, Rupert!"

It echoed through the rooms with a weird, ghostly sound, blending with the wind that howled and labored without. Mrs. Pommeroy sat down on the broad old velvet settle; an unpleasant, superstitious feeling was creeping over her. What if the nun's ghost—so often seen in that room in years gone by, if the ghost seers were to be believed—should appear to her? What if—if—the ghost of her murdered husband should appear to her! She shrieked a smothered shriek at the supposition, and hid her face in her hands and bent it down on her knees.

She strove to put away the superstitious dread that was attacking her, she strove to think that the wind did not moan like a troubled spirit, she strove to forget the tales which had been prevalent after the murder, that Guy, lord of Pommeroy, "came again." Did you ever strive at such, reader? But possibly you never were in a haunted room at the dead of night, far removed from human ear. If you have undergone the ordeal, did you succeed in reassuring yourself to calm?—or did not, rather, the awful, unearthly dread, the feeling, which can neither be experienced, nor told in the broad daylight, in human companionship, did it not increase until—until—But let it pass; you don't like to be reminded of these cowardly moments, though you would not live them over again to have years added to your life. What then must it have been for Alice Pommeroy, with her guilty remembrance and her stings of conscience?

She strove. She battled with the haunted atmosphere, with the shrieking wind, with the consciousness that that evening was the ominous anniversary: she neither stirred hand nor foot, she scarcely dared to breathe, she could not have looked up for the wealth of worlds. Like a timid child hides its face in the dark and dares not raise it, lest its eyes should encounter some fabulous monster, so was it with Mrs. Pommeroy. She began to ask herself how she should get back again, out of the haunted tower, through the rooms and down the stairs: she should never dare to go? Must she sit where she was till morning light?

Some talking below in the court-yard gave her a gleam of fresh courage, and she did look up again. "Rupert, where are you?" she called out with desperate effort; "oh! Rupert, my best beloved, why don't you come to me?"

Hark! What was that? A sigh?—a groan?—it sounded like it. But where did it come from? It was not the wind; it was a totally different sound. It seemed to be in the walls—or was it but in her own imagination? A more lively terror than before fell upon Mrs. Pommeroy, and once more she hid her face. How long it was before she looked up again, she knew not; and well had it been, for her peace of mind, that she never had looked up; for there, right against the nun's picture, standing as he had stood that night, not many minutes before his death, when he had burst in upon their wretched interview, there was the apparition of her husband, Guy. The moonlight shone in upon his ghastly face, upon his hare-lip, red once, but livid now; and his dull eyes were bent upon her in mingled sadness and anger, just as she had seen them in life. He seemed to be dressed as he was dressed the night of his death, in a plain suit of black, and the one arm was raised, as if in anger at the loving words which had escaped her; raised just in the menacing way that the nun's was in the picture.

How Mrs. Pommeroy left the couch and reached the window, she did not know, and never afterwards remembered; some instinct prompted her thither. She went sideways; *she could not turn her eyes from that awful figure*, standing there, in its reproach: it was fascinating her like the gaze of the basilisk. But now it seemed to be changing its position, to be gliding towards her; and, with a low, suffocating sob, that sounded like the bark of a dog, Mrs. Pommeroy turned to the window, dashed both her hands through it, shrieked out for succor in her terrible agony, and then fell down senseless.

The crash of glass was heard and the shriek for aid; the dashed-out hands, wringing wildly, were seen. Bridget, possessing enough curiosity for any ten women, and that's saying a great deal, had returned to her room, and putting open the window, thrust her head out to see anything there might be to be seen opposite. Bridget's eyes watched the windows of the rooms as a cat watches a mouse, and Bridget was at length rewarded by seeing more than she had bargained for—the wringing hands flung out, and the cry for help, as from some creature in its last agony.

Bridget was thunderstruck. From whom the hands and the cry proceeded, she did not know; the voice was more like a woman's than a man's, therefore she surmised it might be from her mistress. But why, or wherefore? Bridget, bred up in the Pommeroy family, was imbued with its superstitions, and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Pommeroy must have seen the ghost; meaning, of course, that of the nun. Bridget had the Pommeroy belief in, and dread of, ghosts, and Bridget, in her astonishment and fear, stood where she was, giving no alarm, hastening with no aid, simply staring at the ominous window. As she gazed, a figure seemed to grow in it; the same towering figure which she had attributed to Rupert; but now its face was brought close and full to the panes, and Bridget recognized it in the bright moonlight, the ghastly face of the dead lord of Pommeroy. Bridget, with a smothered howl, not unlike the cry which had escaped from Mrs. Pommeroy, turned from the room and tore away in her fright; she cared not much whither, so that she got into human companionship. She flew out to the great gateway of the abbey, and, crossing it, entered the noble hall, belonging to the part occupied by Leolin Pommeroy. A servant confronted her.

"Are you out of your mind, Bridget?"

"Let me alone. Where's the master?"

Looking wild, and waiting for nothing, Bridget went on to the state apartments. In one of them sat Leolin and Father Andrew, playing at chess. She made a hasty reverence to the priest, who was the confessor to the house, and periodically became the depositary of Bridget's peccadilloes; but her wits were too far scared away, to allow of much ceremony or reverence just now.

"May all the saints have mercy upon Pommeroy!" uttered she, laying hold of a sofa-end to steady herself. "The lord's come again."

"What do you mean?" demanded Leolin, in amaze at her extraordinary proceeding. "What lord is come again?"

"Your murdered brother, sir," she hoarsely whispered, "Guy, lord of Pommeroy. Ah, you'll believe me now, sir! I told it, years ago, that the lord's ghost appeared to me the very night of his burying, and I was scoffed at, and bade hold my nonsense. I told you, father, and you only grinned at me—craving your pardon, and made fun of my eyesight; you'll both believe me now."

"What is it that you are saying?" repeated Leolin, unable to comprehend a syllable, and wondering whether Bridget was suddenly attacked with insanity.

"There's the dead lord of Pommeroy in the haunted room at this blessed moment, sir," she whispered; "I have seen him with my own eyes. It is said a troubled soul will come out of purgatory on the anniversary of its doom, and it is nine years ago this night, you know—"

Leolin Pommeroy, strong man, educated man though he was, had been reared in superstition, and he rose from his seat in belief and awe. The father, on the contrary, looked very much inclined to laugh; perhaps he felt at home with ghosts and dead people. A jolly priest was Father Andrew, always merry, and had grown so fat with his increasing years that he looked like a hogshead-barrel.

"My mistress saw it too," went on Bridget, "for it has been in the haunted room this week past; but we both of us thought nothing else but that it was Mr. Rupert come home from his wanderings. Half an hour ago she went up there to him—she said she must warn him of the consequences, should he be seen—"

"Mrs. Pommeroy! gone up to the haunted room!" interrupted Leolin.

"She went up alone, sir, and I stood at my window and watched. Suddenly I saw two hands thrust through the glass of the window, and I heard shrieking, as of terror. Before I had recovered myself to move or do anything, the same tall figure rose close to the window in the moonlight. Ah, sir, it was not Mr. Rupert—Father, don't look so at me!—it was the spirit of the lord of Pommeroy."

Father Andrew rapped his snuff-box.

"You have got far eyesight, Bridget, woman, to know a dead man's features all that way."

Bridget, between anger, fear, and excitement, broke into tears.

"The moon shone full upon its face; don't you see, father, the night is almost as bright as day; look at that curtainless window; you might see to read small print at it."

"There's not a soul throughout the abbey, of you old retainers, but will let your superstitious nonsense get the upper hand of your discretion on the 17th of September. I have remarked that, ever since the first 17th, when the lord was killed. What should bring his spirit here again in the teeth of all the masses said for its repose?"

"May I never be shriven when I am dying, then, if I did not see it to-night!" burst forth Bridget; "the hare-lip—"

The door opened, and Lady Anna Pommeroy interrupted them, carrying an infant. She looked white and scared, her eyes wandered timidly round and rested upon Bridget, as though somewhat surprised to see her there.

"There's something in the haunted room, and I am frightened," she began. "I happened to be alone with baby, and was standing with him at the window, when I heard the crash of glass, and *I* saw what looked to be two hands thrust out of that room in the west tower. I was not alarmed; I only wondered who could have the courage to go there at night, and this night of all others. In another minute I saw the outlines of some one inside, but I could not distinguish much, and then the room was lighted up with a pale colored flame, and a tall figure rose before the window. It looked like a ghost," she shivered.

"That pale, clear flame used to light up the room when the nun appeared," exclaimed Bridget. "I saw it myself once, my lady."

Leolin Pommeroy turned an angry face upon her, and made a gesture for silence. He wound his arm round his wife to reassure her.

"It must have been one of the servants, Anna."

"It was not one of the servants. I saw the face distinctly; it was like no one I ever knew; there seemed something strange about its lip," she added, sinking her voice. "It was a white, corpse-like face; I do not think it belonged to any one living."

"No, my lady, that it did not," cried the undaunted Bridget.

The first thing to be done was to see after Mrs. Pommeroy. Leolin and the priest, carrying a light, proceeded together, and arrived, unmolested by sight or sound, in the haunted apartment. Mrs. Pommeroy was lying as she had fallen; they raised her and laid her on the couch, and the movement aroused her. She seized hold of them both, seized the priest and seized Leolin as they stood over her; her wounded hands clasping theirs, as though she would never let them go again.

"Don't leave me, for the love of Heaven."

"No, no," said Leolin. "Have you been ill? What has alarmed you?"

"Is it gone? In that place, there," she continued, in a hollow voice, pointing to the nun's picture, but not daring to raise her eyes to it, "stood the apparition of my husband. I would rather die than see it again; than be in this room with it alone—alone!"

"Daughter, your fears must have deceived you."

"Father Andrew, do you think I have forgotten him? Can I forget his keen eyes, his peculiar features, and his hare-lip? He was little altered; his eyes were dull, and his face wore the hue of the grave."

"Did you truly see his hare-lip?" gasped Leolin, in his superstition.

"As truly and perfectly as ever I saw it in life. There were whispers at the time," she shuddered, "that he came again."

"It's a rare night for ghosts, this," cried the father, in his mockery. "The wind whirls round the abbey as if it owed it a grudge."

Leolin held the light so that its rays fell on every part of the small room. There was no possibility of any one's being concealed in it; neither was there a sign that any one had been in it, save Mrs. Pommeroy and her imagination. He flashed it under the couch; and he drew aside the old velvet curtain that was before the picture, and the lovely features of the ill-fated nun stood out to view, with her upturned finger, and the lines of the dark prophecy. Leolin had wondered why Mrs. Pommeroy did not destroy that picture with its miserable associations, bygone and recent, when she reigned at the abbey after her husband's death; he had intended to do so when he came into power; he had planned many changes to be carried out after his marriage; but, almost as soon as they were thought of, he was dispossessed again, and the young lord's mother had chosen to leave things as they were. Leolin drew the curtain back again over the face.

They assisted Mrs. Pommeroy to rise, and, leaning heavily upon both of them, she tottered forward a few steps, but all force seemed to have left her.

"You must drag me," she feebly cried; "I cannot walk. Hush! what was that?"

"That!" laughed the priest, thinking that by treating the affair lightly he should give her courage—"that was the wind." And the wind it probably was, for a great gust came in at the broken window and extinguished the light. Mrs. Pommeroy shrieked and shuddered.

"We can find our way in the moonlight," said the priest to her. "Make an effort to rally your strength. Do you know that your hands are bleeding, and must be attended to?"

Partly leading, partly pulling her along, they got her through the rooms and down the steps of the north tower, turning into Leolin's apartments, as being the nearest.

"No, no," she said, in a hollow voice, "get me home."

They got her to her home and laid her down on a couch, and soon the room was crowded; for, somehow or other, the news obtained vent in the abbey—the lord's ghost had appeared to Mrs. Pommeroy.

"That we—that I could have been so deceived, madam!" murmured Bridget, as she bathed her mistress's temples with Cologne water.

"Deceived?" gasped Mrs. Pommeroy, opening her eyes.

"In thinking it was Mr. Rupert who had come home again;" and Mrs. Pommeroy only answered by a groan of pain.

"But their figures were as like as twin peas when living, and the outline of their heads too," pursued Bridget. "Madam," she added, sinking her voice, "I saw his hare-lip from this."

The words aroused to wonder Mrs. Pommeroy. How was she to know that any one but herself had seen the startling sight? Bridget explained.

"It rose up as if from the floor, and stood right against the window in the moonlight. My Lady Anna saw it also, madam, and it terrified her pretty nearly out of her senses."

"I wish to be left with Father Andrew," faintly rejoined Mrs. Pommeroy; and she motioned them from the room. Bridget among the rest.

Miss Pommeroy came up to her brother Leolin, her dark face colorless.

"What is this horror that is running through the abbey?" she whispered; "what is it they are saying?"

"That Guy is not at rest," he gloomily replied. "His spirit is abroad to-night."

"To whom has it appeared?"

"To Mrs. Pommeroy. She went into the haunted room, and saw it standing against the picture; we found her senseless when we went after her. Anna saw it from her rooms; it was at the window then; and Bridget also."

"They could not mistake it—Bridget and Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"No, no, Joan. Other faces may be mistaken, but not Guy's."

Joan Pommeroy clasped her hands upon her chest as if in pain.

"Leolin—I have felt—I have felt—that Guy was not at rest. Even this very evening when the wind was wailing and sighing round the abbey, it seemed to whisper that the dead were abroad; I remarked it to Sybilla. And I thought of Guy, of poor Guy, as I said it. They were too true, the tales that were told of his appearing after his murder. Is Father Andrew in the abbey?"

"He is with Mrs. Pommeroy. Her nerves have received a shock that she will not easily overget. They have bound up her hands in linen, to stop the blood, and sent for the surgeon, but she asked to be left alone with Father Andrew until he should come. The father does not believe that anything has been seen," he curtly added, as though the incredulity gave him displeasure.

"Leolin, you speak in riddles," cried Miss Pommeroy. "What has she done to her hands?"

"Don't you know? She flung them, in her terror, through the panes of glass in the haunted room; to attract attention and bring help."

"It is a riddle still. What could have taken her—her—to the haunted room?"

"Bridget offered a curious explanation—that movements had been seen in the west tower, and they concluded, both of them, that it was Rupert."

"Why, Rupert is in bed and asleep," returned Miss Pommeroy, imperfectly comprehending. "What did she think would take him to the west tower? and why should she be looking after Rupert?"

"Joan! Not the boy. Rupert the wanderer."

Joan Pommeroy gazed at her brother, and a darker shade passed over her face when she had realized the sense of his words. She threw her head back haughtily.

"The more reason, then, why Mrs. Pommeroy should have kept away from the tower; had she not done enough evil, and caused enough, nine years ago, by going to it? No wonder her husband's spirit cannot rest, if she would still run after Rupert."

Leolin moved forward amidst the servants, who were hanging about in numbers—gathered together from all the three households. He ordered some of them to go up to examine the rooms, that no person should be concealed in them, and to lock them up. But the superstitious crew hung back, not one caring to be the leader. Leolin was angered.

"There are plenty of you," cried he, sarcastically—"are you afraid to venture in numbers? Are you afraid, Jeffs? an old man, like you?"

"No, no, sir, I'll go for one," replied Jeffs. "It shan't be said that the oldest retainer of the family, Jerome excepted, was afraid of the lord he served, dead or living." But Jeffs did not speak with the greatest possible amount of personal courage; he was the coachman to the lords of Pommeroy: had been coachman to the old lord; then to the ill-fated Guy, at whose marriage he had nearly lost his life; then, during his brief reign, to Leolin; and now to the young child, Rupert. Jeffs condescended to serve no less a personage of the family than the reigning lord; it was the way of the Pommeroys: certain of the retainers passed from lord to lord, as by hereditary right. Jeffs was sixty years of age, if he was a day, therefore it was altogether unreasonable of Jeffs to be afraid of ghosts. Perhaps Jeffs felt it so, for he put on a bravado of manner, took a light, went a few paces with a jaunty step, and then turned round and asked who was coming with him.

Half-a-dozen, excited by example, pressed forward, and Bridget was one. Father Andrew came out to reassure them.

"There's no ghost, or shadow of a ghost," cried he; "it existed in Mrs. Pommeroy's imagination alone."

"It didn't exist in mine, father," put in Bridget, obstinately.

"There's less excuse for you, Bridget, woman, than there is for Mrs. Pommeroy," cried the priest, more sharply than he was often heard to speak, "for you had less to do with the dead."

They moved forward in a heap, bearing lights, huddling close to one another, and talking in an under tone.

"We'll carry the lights round all the rooms," exclaimed Jeffs, when they reached the top of the stairs in the north tower, "so as to tell Mr. Leolin, of a surety, that nobody's hid away in them. So here's to begin with this one."

"I say, Jeffs, who does he think is concealed?"

"The blessed patron saint of the Pommeroys only knows! He may fear somebody has been putting a trick upon Mrs. Pommeroy."

"Such nonsense!" uttered Bridget. "As if any mortal body could get through locked rooms, and rooms that have been locked up for years. Nothing can do that, but immaterial bodies, as Mrs. Pommeroy called them to-night; and it's well known they can get through solid walls of stone, as thick as the abbey is broad."

"Bridget, what did it look like?"

"Why, it looked—exactly as the lord used to look when he was among us; you may just think back upon him at any time that your memory likes to hit upon, and just so his spirit looked to-night—save that his face was whiter and more ghastly. I saw him the very night of his burying, you know. I spoke of it, but I was put down again; he looked then like he looks to-night."

"Not with the shattered face?" shuddered a questioner. "What a face it was! Nobody dared lift the cloth to look at that, as he lay dead."

Bridget shook her head.

"Spirits don't reappear with the marks of what sends them out of the world, but as they were when they moved about in it. Witness the poor nun. When was she ever seen but in the full beauty of her face and form; beautiful as it had been before she killed herself—and was she not picked up out of the courtyard a dreadful object to look upon, and put into her grave as such? But her spirit came back perfect; and so it is with the lord of Pommeroy."

"Tell us that tale again, Bridget—about your seeing him the night of the funeral."

"It was this," said Bridget. "You remember how the lord lay in state, and the people came from miles round to see him, and to attend his funeral. Not a soul, poor or rich, ill or well, missed it, or would miss it, except my sister. She was near her time, and she didn't want to come; her husband didn't want her to come; she said that if she saw the lord in that awfully shattered state, she should never get him out of her mind. Folks in her condition are fanciful, you know."

"She would not have seen anything amiss," interrupted a listener. "His face was not exposed, and she need not have lifted the cloth."

"Well, she was afraid; and come she wouldn't. But she made me promise to go to her the minute the funeral was over, and tell her about it, that she might appear as wise as her neighbors—for she didn't mean to let it be known abroad that she did not go."

"It was a brave funeral!"

"Never a braver. More crowded even than the old lord's had been, for the horrors attending the death were known, and it brought the people from far and wide. You couldn't get inside the chapel, and half of them had to kneel outside. And the priests! such a many! Father Andrew was nobody among 'em. I got out of the abbey by dusk, and started. It was a squally, gloomy night; I wrapped my black shawl round me, and put my best foot first, to get back soon and relieve the lady's-maid, who had taken charge to watch the baby while she slept—for I was nurse, you remember, to Miss Mary, and I went, simpleton that I was! all across the fields, because it was a bit nearer. You know those haystacks in the hollow?"

Bridget had made a pause before the last few words, and changed her tone to one of mysterious awe. Her listeners gathered more closely round her, their lights flaring on the dark wainscoting of the room.

"Some rain began to fall just as I got to the haystacks—there were fewer of them that year than this; and I looked up at the sky all round, wondering whether it was going to be a heavy shower, for I did not want to spoil my new mourning. As I turned my face forward again, I saw a figure close to me; where it had come from, unless it rose up out of the earth, I could not tell; it was—it was—Hark! what's that?" shrieked out Bridget.

They crossed themselves and shuddered, one and all, for a hollow noise was heard in the direction of the west tower.

"It must be the wind," cried one, determined to be more brave than the rest: "or perhaps a door slammed. Go on, Bridget."

"It was the figure of the poor murdered lord, whom we had just been putting into his grave," she resumed. "I saw him plainly: I saw his dead-looking eyes and his hare-lip, and then I seized hold of the haystack and pushed my face into it, scratching it all over, and screeched out ten thousand murders. Brill heard me in his cottage, a field and a half off, and came to me."

"And the lord's spirit: where did it go?"

"How can I tell? It vanished as it came. Brill got me home to the abbey, but it was hushed up. I have never gone by those haystacks at dark since, and I never will."

"One of the keeper's boys saw him too," interposed Jeffs, in a whisper. "He was coming through the hollow, and there stood the lord against the gate. The dog would not go past, and was as wet as anything when they got him by, after the thing had vanished. Them dumb animals have a mortal dread of such: worse than we. Others saw him too."

"Ay, ay," put in Bridget again, "the lord has never been at rest. And never will be till—but I'm afraid to say it."

"To say what? There's nobody but ourselves, Bridget."

"Well, then, as long as he who sent him out of the world, lives in it. When Mr. Rupert's gone to join him, then the lord's spirit will be laid."

A strange and startling interruption came. One of the listeners had his face turned towards the rooms they were about to enter, when he saw, or thought he saw, a figure moving towards them. The man's heart leaped into his mouth, and his hair stood on end. He did not speak, but he grasped hold of the rest, and pointed.

Through the moonlight rays that fell slanting on the floors, it was gliding towards them, a tall, ghastly figure of towering height, with a glazed, livid face. Petrified, tongue-tied, they stood there, gazing in horror, heart and impulse alike frozen, when, with a rush and a bang, the open door intervening between it and them, suddenly dashed itself to.

Helter-skelter, pell-mell, down stairs they rushed, the brave Jeffs and his torch foremost in the company, and Bridget in the midst, laying hold of as many strange garments as she had hands for. Father Andrew met them in the piazza. He rated them soundly, told Jeffs he ought to be ashamed of himself for an old fool, and insisted upon their returning to lock the doors and bring away the keys.

No, not for a thousand worlds; not even in obedience to his reverence, would they again encounter the ghost of the lord of Pommeroy.

The priest saw he must go himself, if it was to be done. Snatching the light from Jeffs, he went on rapidly, ordering them to follow him. Of course it is well known that a ghost dare not venture near a priest, especially one who keeps holy water in his pocket, as the father did, closely corked, and they scrambled after him. Bridget, whose superstitious curiosity was greater even than her fears, went also, a man on each side of her, and another behind. Say what people will, there is a fascination in ghosts, and nobody can deny it.

"You muffs! you geese!" uttered the father, striding on and throwing the light of the torch round the several rooms as he passed through them, disclosing nothing but tranquillity and emptiness, "what is there to be afraid of? I would not have such poltroons of brains as yours, to be made a cardinal to-morrow."

"Father"—and you may be sure it was Bridget who spoke, for a woman's tongue is always ready—"if there was nothing here, what has shut all the doors? They were open before!"

"What? Why the wind."

"If the wind slams one door, it would not slam a dozen in succession," objected the obstinate Bridget.

On went the father; very scornful was he over their superstitious folly. The rooms were perfectly empty. Mrs. Pommeroy could not remember where she had left the bunch of keys; but they were discerned on the velvet settee in the haunted room.

"Now then," cried the priest, swaying his light about, "are you convinced there's nothing here; and has been nothing? The lord's ghost indeed! just as much as yours; and you are not melted into ghosts yet."

He marshalled them out before him, locking the doors himself. When they got down he delivered the keys to Leolin Pommeroy, who did not return them to the key-closet, but kept them in his own possession.

But the peace of the abbey was gone, for, as the weeks passed on, it became too evident that the spirit of the unhappy lord of Pommeroy did indeed haunt it: that he could not rest quiet in his grave. Night after night that figure was seen in the rooms; sometimes close to the windows; the moon shining on it, or, on the dark nights, the watchers would see it surrounded by the light. Restless, restless was the spirit. The father had locked the doors; but what of that? in every one of the rooms would it appear in succession, gliding through them as only spirits can be supposed to glide. Mrs. Pommeroy was worn to a shadow: terrified and awe-struck as she was, she yet could not resist the fascination of the horrible sight, but would sit at her window through the night, watching for it.

Only in a disbelieving spirit, did Father Andrew offer up his prayers for the laying of the ghost. The rooms were thrown open for him—the doors being found locked as he had left them—and the father, arrayed in his sacred vestments, went in. "I'll do it," he said, "as the abbey is so urgent, but I protest against it, for there's no ghost to lay, and never has been any." The priest was still a ridiculing mocker, and the tales told to him around made no manner of impression on him, but for peace sake he sprinkled the rooms with holy water, and muttered a prayer for the repose of the spirit of Guy, lord of Pommeroy. Of course nothing came of it—what can come of prayers offered up in disbelief?—and in spite of the holy water, the ghost wandered more than ever.

Leolin and his sister, Miss Pommeroy, had not seen it. Whether they shrank from watching, or whether they had not watched at the right moment, they had never seen it, though their faith in its appearance was firm and steadfast.

They had been abroad one evening in November, and were detained till dark. Dark however, it was not, for the moon, once more high in the sky, gave her light by fits and starts, now hiding herself under a cloud, now shining out with momentary brilliance. Their way home was past the keep, and before they came to it they met Father Andrew. He turned back with them.

"I have just been with Mrs. Pommeroy," he observed. "My opinion is, that if we cannot get this ghost belief out of her mind, it will kill her. She protests to me that she saw it plainer last night than she has done at all, except the first time in the haunted chamber."

"She told me of it this morning," returned Joan. "She says that strange, pale light was shining round it, and it stood at the window for two or three minutes, and then it seemed to sink through the floor."

"It is so truly absurd!" exclaimed Father Andrew, irascibly. "Mrs. Pommeroy has got a ghost mania upon her, and she'll go on to insanity, if she does not take care."

"It is no mania," observed Leolin.

The priest took him quickly up. "Have you seen it?"

"No."

"Have you?" he added, turning to Joan.

"No," she replied.

"Nor anybody else, save Mrs. Pommeroy and the servants. We all know what to understand when servants profess such belief: and Mrs. Pommeroy, as I say, has a mania upon her."

"You forget Lady Anna," interrupted Leolin.

"Lady Anna's eyes must have deceived her; I insist upon it that they must. And as to your family—why you know how superstitious you have all been from your cradles."

"The time may come when you will see it; and believe in it also," returned Leolin.

The father took a solacing pinch of snuff. "When I do see it, I'll believe in it," quoth he; "not before."

They walked on in silence; Leolin and Miss Pommeroy would not say more: they knew his obstinacy. They came to the keep, and were rounding its wall, when the crescent moon, sailing majestically from behind a cloud, threw its light upon them; and upon—what?

Right in front of the path they must walk over, stood the spirit of Guy, lord of Pommeroy. As if to confute the ridiculing disbelief of the priest, there it was, as ghostly, as high, as shadowy as it had appeared to the rest, its dull eyes fixed upon them in reproach, and its hare-lip conspicuous on its livid face.

The father darted away from its vicinity as if it had been a mad dog about to attack him, crossed his forehead, his breast, crossed himself, in short, all over, and began mechanically a paternoster; while Miss Pommeroy, with a suppressed wail of terror and pain, turned and clung to Leolin. The next moment, when they looked up, it had vanished; the thick stone walls of the keep, the mother earth—which had received it?

"Father Andrew!" solemnly uttered Leolin, "did you see it?"

"Oh, mercy be good to us, yes! That was Guy Pommeroy. Can indeed the poor spirit have been wandering all these nine years? How awfully his hare-lip looked in the moonlight!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SONG OF THE SURVIVOR.

Where is the form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known trysting tree;
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,
Waiting for me?

Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep,
And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
Waiting for me?

Long since those locks are laid i' the clay,
Long since that voice hath passed away,
On earth no more to be:
But still in the spirit-world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me. C.

☞ He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

Wit and Humor.

BRIDGET'S SOLILOQUY.

(*Standing on the pavement in front of a handsome four story brick mansion in ——street.*)

"Arrah now, but wasn't I the fool not to inquire, before I promised, what sort of a house he lived in? He wor a nice lookin' gentleman wid kid gloves on, and I never dhramed but that he resided in a five-esthory brown-stone house, and here it's but a four-sthory brick. I shan't go in! I'm not a goin' to lower meself wid my acquaintances, axin' them to come and see me in a four-sthory brick—not a bit of it! Like as not they've nothing better nor roast-bafe and rice-puddin' commonly, and I'm not used to such. I axed him if there was a standin' tubs, an' hot an' cold wather, an' a scoollion to wash the pots an' kettles, an' if the misthress kept out of the kitchen, an' if I could have three days of the wake to meself intirely, and if there was a sofa in the basement sitting-room for the company, an' if they wor one of the first families, an' kept a carriage, an' tould him if the misthress was agreeable, an' minded her own business, an' I liked the looks o' things, probably I'd stay at nine dollars a month, wid a scoollion to do the rough work; but I'm off now like a kernel of corn off a hot griddle. What business has a person residing in a four-sthory brick to answer the advertisement of a highly respectable first-class cook, I'd like yees to tell me! Humph! their impearance is astonishin.' No! yees don't catch me goin' in. They'll go widout their dinner some time if they wait for me to get it for 'em. Next time I'll be sensible enough to inquire before I promise—thring me legs trotting round after second rate families."

(*Passes on.*)

BACKING DOWN.

A Kentucky correspondent tells us of a fellow in his neighborhood who was one day boasting about the fleetness of his horse, and declared that he could outrun anything which went upon four legs. A bystander disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule!" said the boaster—"I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner wouldn't plank a hundred dollars to run him against a horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand in his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last said: "I don't know about that tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying, he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat anything which went upon four legs, except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass, that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" responded the other, and "done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster—"so I will plaguy quick"—taking out his pocket book.

"Well, cover it if you dare—and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know, I never saw that jackass of your'n run," said the boaster, beginning to falter—"he may be a great fellow on a race for what I know."

"Do you *flunk* out, then?"

"Yes, I *flunnux* this time; but by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring except the jackass and mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so."

"Why, if you're not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that. There ain't no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well—cover that." As he said this the man once more put down the hundred dollars. "But," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars; and if I back out I'll do the same.

"Agreed," said the boaster—"I'm sure my horse can beat your nigger, if he can't your mule and jackass."

"Plank it! so I will—don't you fear that." Saying this, he once more took out his pocket-book, and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust, said the other, taking out more money—for I'm ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars!—or two hundred if you like. Come! why do you hesitate! Here's three hundred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, staring wildly about him—"three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you're not going to get frightened again."

"Frightened! Oh, no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out."

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. Its a kind o'risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars then?"

"Why, yes, I 'spose I must," said the boaster, handing over the money with an air of great mortification—"better lose this than more—for there's no knowing how fast these niggers will run. But anything else you can bring, except the mule, the jackass and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

IRISH BOASTING.

Mr. Macgillicuddy, a gentleman of extensive estates in Ireland, went to visit some friends in England, and took with him an Irish servant, more prone to patriotism than truth. Whatever he saw among the Saxons was just nothing at all, at all, to what might be seen in Ireland. In short, he would have been a most appropriate attendant upon that Hibernian who, being asked why he wept at sight of Greenwich Hospital, replied with sorrowful emotion:

"Ah, sure, the buildings there remind me of mee dear father's stables!"

Now it befell that the English gentleman, possessing a large extent of rich meadow-land, took especial delight in his haystacks; and his valet, sympathising with his master's vanity (as all good valets should), soon led the Irishman to look at the stack-yard, expecting to see him mightily astonished; but Paddy, having gazed around with the most sublime indifference, coolly said:

"It's a nice bit o' grass you've brought home here for present use; now let us have a peep at the ricks."

"Ricks!" exclaimed the Englishman, "why, these be they."

"Well, then," says Paddy, "I'll just tell ye; there's about enough hay in this stack-yard to make the bands for thatching my master's ricks. Happen"—this he added as though he wished to be liberal, and to pay his companion a compliment—"there might be a couple of yards or so to spare."

You may imagine that when, in the following year, the English valet came with his master to return the visit at Killarney, it was not long before he requested his Irish friend to favor him with a view of the haystacks. To be sure he would, with all the pleasure in life; and sorry he was to be prevented by circumstances—over which, he might have added, he had every control—from making the inspection before evening. Accordingly, in the dusk and gloom of twilight, he took the Englishman forth and showed him, dim in the distance, a lofty mountain-range.

"There are our ricks!" said he.

In that belief the astonished stranger slept; and ever since that time men call those hills Macgillicuddy's Reeks!—*A Little Tour in Ireland.*

DID NOT LIKE BLISTERS.—Complaint having lately been made in a Yorkshire hospital that an old Hibernian would not submit to prescribed remedies, one of the committee proceeded to expostulate with him, when he defended himself by exclaiming, "Sure, your honor, wasn't it a blister they wanted to put upon my back? and I only tould 'em it was althegither impossible, for I've such a mighty dislike to them blisters that, put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

DUSK.

The wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die fell under the sentence as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased when Lucie stood stretching out her arms toward her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a jailer left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it to her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment!" He was tearing himself apart from her. "We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by-and-by; but I will do my duty while I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her as He did for me."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying,

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now what a struggle you made of old. We know now what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you, with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavor to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoners' door she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had a flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the rough stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There he laid her down on a couch where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! Oh, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused. "I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterward that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterward, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried.—These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognisant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I did." He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

"Try then again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short; but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay it down if it were not."

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the Prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write, too, and— But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorner for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette?"

"Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this."

"It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him—which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or any man's, to them!—I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration in the Court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the door-post, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton, very gently; "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton; and walked with a settled step down stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

DARKNESS.

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the meantime, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But care, care, care! Let me think it out."

Checking his steps, which had begun to tend onward an object, he took a turn or two in the already darkening street, and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face toward Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment, and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years he had no strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's hearth like a man who had done with it.

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke, refreshed, and went out in the streets again. As he passed along toward Saint Antoine he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop, but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. This man, whom he had seen upon the Jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and

then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent, "Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evremonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good-evening.

"How?"

"Good-evening."

"Oh! Good-evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three pacifically remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame." The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, "Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper with a slow forefinger and with a studious and absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low. After a silence of a few moments, during which they had all looked toward him without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin editor, they resumed their conversation.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still, where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance also highly approved.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, my wife," said Defarge, in a deprecatory manner, "the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful anguish to him!"

"I have observed his daughter!" repeated madame; "yes, I have observed his daughter more times than one. I have observed her to-day, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger—!" She seemed to raise it (the listener's eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her, as if the axe had dropped.

"The citizeness is superb!" croaked the Juryman.

"She is an Angel!" said The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"As to thee," pursued madame, implacably, addressing her husband, "if it depended on thee—which, happily, it does not—thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night, when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burned out, and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore, and that injured family is mine. Defarge, that sister was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

"Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop," returned madame, "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how white she was, without seeing her—and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell the Wind and Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed toward the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door and put her arm on his in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But he went on his way and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen since he quitted the banking-house toward four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone: where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the mean while, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and as he spoke, with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses; I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come!" said he, in a whimpering, miserable way; "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair and beat his feet upon the ground like a distracted child.

"Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them, with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work! What is to become of us if those shoes are not done to-night?"

"Lost, utterly lost!

It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him or to try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair and brooded over the embers and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a momentary fancy or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

Affected and impressed with terror as they both were by this spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both too strongly. Again, as if by agreement, they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces. Carton was the first to speak:

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But before you go will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact—I have a reason—a good one."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

The figure in the chair between them was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so a small case, in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his coat and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I prefer not to do so. Now take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him, and his daughter, and her child at any time to pass the Barrier and the frontier? You see?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted until within this hour or two that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and I have reason to think will be."

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's to-night which have presented their danger to me in strong colors. I have lost no time, and since then I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison-wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen her"—he never mentioned Lucie's name—"making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to foresee that the pretense will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life—and perhaps her child's—and perhaps her father's—for both have been seen with her at that place. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all."

"Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how?"

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow; probably not until two or three days afterward; more probably a week afterward. You know it is a capital crime to mourn for, or sympathize with, a victim of the Guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman (the inveteracy of whose pursuit cannot be described) would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the Doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her to-night what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's cheerfully." He faltered for an instant; but went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the court-yard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words to-morrow; change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-by!"

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers as to get a cloak and hat upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it, and protected it to the court-yard of the house where the afflicted heart—so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it—outwatched the awful night. He entered the court-yard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away he breathed a blessing toward it, and a Farewell. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LEGEND OF CONSCIENCE.—From a new volume by Victor Hugo, we take the following:—

"When, along with his children, clothed in the skins of wild beasts, distraught, wan, in the midst of tempests, Cain fled from before Jehovah, as night was falling, the gloomy man came to the foot of a mountain in a great plain; his weary wife and his panting children said to him: 'Let us lie down on the ground and sleep.' Cain, not sleeping, sat thinking at the foot of the mountain. Raising his head, he saw in the depths of the funereal heavens an eye, wide open in the darkness, gazing fixedly on him through the night. 'I am too near,' he said, trembling. He awakened his sleeping children, his weary wife, and renewed his woful journey, going thirty days and thirty nights, silent, pale, furtive, startled at every sound, not looking behind him, without truce, without rest, till he reached the shore of the sea. 'Let us rest here,' he said, 'for it is a sure asylum; we have reached the bounds of the world.' And as he sits down, he sees the eye in the same place in the lurid horizon. And black horror seizes him, and he cries: 'hide me;' and Jubal, father of those who live under tents in the desert, drew a tent about him; and when he sat encompassed by its thick folds, little Tsilla, his son's child, fair as the morning, asks: 'You no longer see anything?' and Cain answers: 'I still see the eye.' And Jubal built about him a wall of brass, but that eye still gazed upon him. Then Tubal Cain and his brothers built a great city, with walls as thick as mountains, and wrote upon the gate, 'God shall not enter;' and they placed Cain in a great tower of stone within, and there the eye looked steadfastly on the dreary, haggard man. Then he said, let me dwell under the ground, in the loneliness of the grave, where none shall see me, where I shall see nothing more. And they made him a cave under ground, and Cain said 'it is good.' Then he went down into it, and when he was seated there in the dark, and they had closed it up with a great stone, the eye was in the tomb, and looked on Cain."

☞ Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situations turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.—*Thomson.*

THE SCHILLER JUBILEE.

The Schiller festival at the Academy of Music was in every respect worthy the occasion, and highly creditable to all who actively participated in it. The house was crowded with an appreciative and delighted audience.

The stage was arranged amphitheatrically to accommodate several hundred musicians and singers, the ladies dressed in white occupying the front benches. The scenery of the stage, got up especially for the occasion, was rich and gorgeous, presenting a vision of wonderful beauty, in the middle of which rose a triumphal arch with the statue of Schiller.

The arch was decorated with festoons of evergreen, and the colors of the American and German flags. After a well executed overture by the orchestra, Gustavus Remak, Esq., was introduced, as the German orator of the evening. Upon this followed the famous overture to Egmont by Beethoven, at the conclusion of which the Rev. W. H. Furness was introduced as the orator in the English language.

After Mr. Furness's oration the overture to Lohengrin was performed, when the following poem by Ferdinand Freiligrath was read by Dr. Kellner:—

Still to our distant home in soul belonging.
Her freest Vanguard with her flag unfurled,
We stand to-day, while German ranks are thronging,
In *one* rejoicing circle round the world.

One noble chain of spirit-links, unbroken,
That stretches from far Neckar's verdant strand,
Where a poor hearth remains as loving token—
Can heart to heart unite, and land to land!

Oh! humble hearth! yet proudly
Shall honors thee adorn,
While ages echo loudly,
Here was our Schiller born!

This very day thy blazing
A hundred years ago,
First met his clear eyes, gazing
Upon our world below.

Eyes which through all fair seeming,
Still sought the noblest height;
And 'mid sublimest dreaming,
Looked up to God's true light.

He read the world's great story,
The heart's, too, sad and long,
And wove in radiant glory
Each to immortal song!

As from a cup o'erflowing,
His burning light and flame
In every soul were glowing,
When—utter darkness came.

Like to some sudden tempest one hour found him
Rise on the German heavens in power and pride;
The people and the youth who shouted round him
Watched how for him Fame's portals opened wide.

He came: in strife, and work, and hope, untiring,
He was the Priest of Freedom and mankind:
Still onward to some nobler height aspiring,
That fragile form holding a mighty mind.

He came: a true and noble comrade near him:
Goethe was with him in Thought's earnest Fight,
And wife and children's love was there to cheer him,
When Death arose;—and lo! he sank in night.

In Night! Ah, no! Hail to our Dead still living!
Hail! thus he spake. And Death shall vainly try
To dim the light, his spirit still is giving!
Hail! Schiller, hail! The dead who cannot die!

Still from his Tomb arises
A voice both clear and bold,
Which still our country prizes
As the true guide of old.

Three times a generation
Upon his words have fed,
And twice the armed Nation
By him been onward led.

He cheers all earnest daring
Of noble sword or voice,—
And even our long ocean journey sharing,
Lives with us in the Country of our choice.

To-day, anew here born for us we meet him,
And statelier festive honors on his way;
Open thy gates, America, and greet him—
He is thy Citizen to-day!

Ring out, oh song! silent we bow, confessing
He comes a Conqueror to this Future land:
A share in its bright future hour possessing,
Since he shall help to build it with his hand.

After a hundred years, this day which found us
Binding new wreaths of laurel now,
Shall see the children of the children 'round us,
Crowning again the bright beloved brow.

During the reading of the poem, the statue of Schiller was unveiled, amid a general outburst of enthusiasm. In conclusion the "Song of the Bell" was performed in an admirable manner.

☞ Some years ago, it is said, a party was travelling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a log house. On approaching they found it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death, the flesh having fallen from the bones!

☞ True felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavors to exert himself according as that prompts him.

☞ A French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement:—The first time a man sees an advertisement, he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

☞ "Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers." "Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no," said she, coaxingly, "you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

☞ When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it.—*La Bruyere.*

☞ It is worthy of notice, that, while second thoughts are best in matters of judgment, first thoughts are always to be preferred in matters that relate to morality.—*Rush.*

NEWS ITEMS.

An old man in Indiana recently cowhided his daughter, nineteen years old, for wearing hoops.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Gerrit Smith, the prominent Abolitionist, has been sent to the lunatic asylum at Utica, having become seriously deranged.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Gerrit Smith shows continued marks of insanity. No one is allowed to see him, but it is understood that he refers in his ravings to the Harper's Ferry matter, and supposes himself under arrest. The *Utica Herald* says:—"We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long-seated and marked disease."

Mr. Smith is said to have an hereditary predisposition to insanity. His father, Peter Smith, though the possessor of an immense estate and surrounded by every circumstance of prosperity, was subject to fits of profound despondency, during which he was under the impression that he would die a beggar. Unlike his noted son, he was exceedingly sharp in his bargains and money affairs. It is also said that the late Peter Sken Smith, the brother of Gerrit, was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, though, when he died, he was generally regarded as in possession of his reason. Gerrit Smith has lost all his children except one, the wife of Col. Miller, of Peterboro'. A nephew of Mrs. Smith, Col. Fitzhugh, was the captor of the fugitive Cook, a fact which greatly disturbed the mind of Mr. Smith. John Cochrane, the famous Democratic politician of New York, is another nephew.

RICHMOND, Nov. 9.—No requisition has been made by Governor Wise on Governor Morgan for Gerrit Smith.

THE torchlight demonstration in this city in honor of Schiller, was a magnificent affair.

THE Gazette Musicale declares that the Swedish *dilettanti* boast of having found a second Mad'lle Lind in another national songstress, Mad'lle Roeske.

"A VERY valuable discovery," says the *Akhbar*, "has just been made in Algeria of a tree which grows in great abundance here, and which has the property of dyeing a most beautiful black, so that it will advantageously replace sumach, nut-galls, and other substances hitherto used. The discoverer has taken out a patent for the dye."

LORD BROUGHAM proposes to make the bribery of an English voter a misdemeanor; and he would attach to it a degrading punishment, such as the tread-wheel.

SENATOR SUMNER, it is said, has quite recovered his health. He is expected home soon.

HUME, the spirit-rapper, was recently in Paris with his Russian wife, on his way to America. He is said to have lately received an enlargement of his wonderful powers, so that he can now not only enable you to converse with the defunct, but with living people who are in other places.

OF all the materials for making flutes, neither ebony nor cocoswood, nor glass, nor silver, nor gold, nor boxwood, nor any other known substance is equal to vulcanize India-rubber. The manufacturers of the world-renowned flutes, after repeated experiments and the test of several years' use, have decided to adopt India-rubber as the principal material in their extensive manufactory.

JOHN MITCHEL, who is now in Paris, has commenced a series of letters in a Dublin paper called *The Irishman* (similar in its politics and designs to *The Nation*,) in which his object is to suggest to the Irish peasantry that France will soon be at war with England in the Mediterranean, and that the opportunity will then have arrived for inducing the Emperor Napoleon to invade Ireland. "But," exclaims Mr. Mitchel, "who will make the Emperor sure that the Irish people wait for him, and pray for him?" That is the question!

A SINGULAR COURTSHIP.—A young man in this city, has been paying attentions to a young lady residing in the neighborhood of Tenth and Locust streets for some time. During an interesting *tete-a-tete*, which happened a day or two since, William, as it is alleged, removed a diamond ring from her finger, valued at fifty dollars, and appropriated it to his own personal use. A charge of larceny was brought against him by the young lady, and the loving William was committed to answer it at court.

SINCE the revelations of the Massachusetts Liquor Agency, brandy and water is called, in the bar-rooms, "extended brandy." We believe the official term for watering or adulterating the State's liquor was "extending" it.

LATE English papers announce that the death of the eldest born has been the cause of a reconciliation between the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, whose misunderstandings are, unfortunately, no private matter.

IN a speech at Liverpool the other day, Mr. Gladstone said: "Dr. Johnson, I think, says (and I have a great respect for whatever falls from him) that whatever induces a man to live more in the future and less in the present, exalts him in the scale of creation. If that be so (and I am inclined to believe it is so,) the position of the railway shareholder must be an exalted one." This is true of American as well as of English railway shareholders. Their profits are all in the future tense.

AMONG the arrivals yesterday at New York, by the Atlantic, were Gen. Lane, Senator, and Hon. L. Stout, Representative in Congress, from Oregon. Hon. J. C. Burch, Representative from California; Hon. J. C. McKibbin, and Bayard Taylor.

GEN. SCOTT was received in a very flattering manner at San Francisco. He did not stay long to enjoy the hospitality of that city, but pushed on to San Juan, where his presence was deemed necessary in the present dispute between Gen. Harney and Governor Douglass. At last accounts from that island, matters were quiet, the Americans holding peaceful occupation, and the British authorities waiting to see what their Governor intends to do.

Two or three wells have been dug in the vicinity of the "frozen well," in Brandon, Vt., but they do not show indications like their famous neighbor, which is still a puzzle to the savans.

GOING TO ENGLAND.—It is said that Senator Sumner is about to resign his seat in the U. S. Senate, and it is said, will marry and reside in England. Gov. Banks will undoubtedly succeed him in the United States Senate. A *canard* probably.

PROF. LOWE'S mammoth balloon split open while being filled with gas last week.

JOHN C. FREMONT headed the list of subscribers, in Bear Valley, to the proposed monument to the late Senator Broderick. He subscribed $500.

BAYARD TAYLOR spent seven weeks in California, and delivered about two dozen lectures, with a clear profit, estimated by some of his acquaintances there, at about $5,000.

THE hangman of Bern, commonly called "Papa Huber," died recently, and crowds of people attended his funeral.

A PROSPECTIVE ALLIANCE.—It is reported in the fashionable circles of Rome, that the Prince of Wales, during his recent visit at the palace Cafarelli, the King of Prussia's residence, opened a flirtation with the King's niece, the Princess Alexandrine, of Russia, which is likely to result in a matrimonial alliance.

WM. H. SEWARD.—The latest advices from Wm. H. Seward are from Jaffa, in the Mediterranean sea. He has completed his journey up the valley of the Nile to ancient Thebes, had surveyed the pyramids, and he was about to proceed to Jerusalem, and thence by Damascus to Constantinople.

ENGLISH ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.—The Liverpool Times says that the disclosures now taking place at Wakefield and Gloucester show that electoral corruption there has been reduced to a science. A Liberal registration agent for the last ten years testified that at the last election the price of votes varied from $50 to $75, and rose as high as $500.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—It was thought, last night, that Senator Douglas was recovering from the attack of bilious fever, but to-night he is dangerously ill.

THE WIFE OFFENDED DISCONTENTED.—This appears from the fact, that, of fifteen applications for divorce, in the State of Maine, since the greater facility given by the new law, eleven are from wives, four from husbands—nearly three times as many applicants from the female side.

LOVE AND LAW.—In a village near Yvetot some time back (says the *Abeille Cauchoise*) a case was to be argued before the Judge de Paix, and just as that functionary had given notice that he was ready to hear the parties, the defendant, a pretty young female, entered. On seeing her, the plaintiff rose and said—"Mademoiselle, I have not the courage to plead against you, and am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here. I abandon the case and will pay all the costs. Deign to accept my arm." The proposition was accepted. The acquaintance thus commenced has produced its fruits: a few days back the bans of marriage between the two were duly published.

CONVERSIONS.—A letter published in the *Pres d'Orient*, announces the conversion to Roman Catholicism of an entire district in Bulgaria, which numbers not less than thirty thousand souls, who hitherto belonged to the Greek church. They have addressed a letter, announcing the fact to the French Consul, who promised the new converts the protection of France, in case they should be molested in the exercise of their new faith. It is said that the other districts of Bulgaria are only waiting to see the issue of this religious movement before following the example.

POISON IN PLANTS.—Dr. Edmund Davy, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Royal Dublin Society, has discovered that arsenic, as it exists in the different artificial manures, (such as super phosphate) will be taken up by the plants growing where the manures have been applied. Cabbages and turnips taken from fields in which super phosphate had been used, gave unmistakable evidence of having been arseniated. Though the comparative ingredients of arsenic are not large in such manures, yet plants may, during their growth, as in the case of the alkaline and earthy salts, take up a considerable quantity of this substance, and as arsenic is well known to be an accumulating poison, that substance may collect in the system till its amount may exercise an injurious effect on the health of man and animals.

WONDERFUL—IF TRUE.—M. Rollin Germain is announced in an exchange as the discoverer of a method of building a vessel, which will make 100 miles an hour, and whose strength will resist not only the fury of the ocean, but even the shock of a collision, with perfect impunity.

THE HORSE AN INTELLECTUAL BEING—REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF JUDICIOUS TRAINING.—Dr. G. H. Sutherland, of De Kalb, New York, sent us a letter, a few days since, in which, among other things, he alluded to the importance of treating horses as "intellectual beings," and of trying the effect of "constant kindness" in training them, the result of which he believed would be the attainment on the part of the horse to "an elevated position in the scale of intelligence," not only distinguishing themselves among their kind, but actually *outstripping many of their owners*, as far as the nobler attributes are concerned." With this high appreciation of the capacity of the horse, the Doctor five years ago came into possession of a fine three-year-old colt, and he concluded to try the power of kindness in the endeavor to develope his mind. The result is given in the St. Lawrence "Republican," in which paper a correspondent writes:—

"During my wanderings a short time since, I chanced to stop at Hermon. Hearing of Dr. Sutherland's learned colt, I had the curiosity to go and see him, and found him a prodigy in learning besides being quite a curiosity. The Doctor calls him the "White Pilgrim." His color is light nankeen, white mane and tail, and white eyes. He is a splendid little horse. The Doctor tells me that he has owned him only six months—rode or drove him almost every day (as his riding is considerable,) but still during that brief time, he broke him to the saddle and harness, and taught him the different feats I saw him perform, such as standing upon his hind feet, jumping the whip, kneeling down, lying down, sitting up and walking on three legs. He will unbuckle a common saddle girth, and take off his own saddle; he will step up to his own master, make a very low bow, shake hands, take his coat, cap, and mittens off, and lay them away, and when told, bring them all back to him again. With cards he will tell his age, the days in the week, months in the year, &c. With the alphabet, he will spell any simple word put out to him. Spread out a number of playing cards and he will fetch the one called for. He will play a good game at *Old Sledge*, and beat you as often as you can him, and tell your fortune, if requested. He will waltz around his yard with quite as much ease and grace as some of our country gentlemen, and pass around a hat for a contribution at the close of a performance. He is a rare specimen of horse-flesh, and his equal, I think, for beauty, activity and intelligence could not be found, considering the labor performed by him, and the short time he has been under discipline; and the Doctor certainly deserves the credit of being a great Horse Man."

The Doctor in the conclusion of his letter says, "that until this season he never before undertook to train a horse for trotting, but that he now has a three year old mare, he calls "Crazy Jane," out of Tom Jefferson's Black Hawk, her dam sired by George Parish's imported St. Lawrence. With very little training she will make her mile in less than 3:30 over a rather poor track. Now, says the Doctor, "if trotting is a science that a horse can acquire by careful training (like playing old sledge,) Crazy Jane will yet, if nothing befals her, be one among many to demonstrate the fact that the horse has an intellect, or reasoning powers, equal if not superior to many of their brute owners, and that it can be developed and cultivated with as much certainty and profit as the minds of our children.

We look forward to the result of the Doctor's experiments with a great deal of interest; how much kindness will do to develope *speed* in horses is yet to be ascertained.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

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FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

POTTING DOWN THE DUST CHEMICALLY.—A curious experiment is now being tried at Lyons, for laying the dust in public promenades, and has so far been attended with success. A chemist of that city having accidentally spilt some hydrochloric acid on a terrace, found that it hardened the spot on which it had fallen, and maintained it in a state of permanent moisture. This led him to think that by watering the streets with this acid the dust on large Macadamised roads might be laid, or rather prevented from rising. Experiments were first made; the success was complete, and has proved durable. During the hottest part of the day, the ground, although dry and gravelly, has the appearance of being as content and damp as if it had been watered half an hour before. But as evening approaches, the moisture becomes more and more perceptible, every morning the ground is stiffer, and more comfortable to walk on. This may be easily accounted for; the acid decomposing the gravel or stone, forms one or several deliquescent salts, which therefore attract the moisture of the air. The question as to whether roads thus watered are likely to last so long as they ought, can only be decided by time.—*Galignani.*

FRANCIS JACKSON MURRIAM, of Boston, who was reported to have been with Brown in the Harper's Ferry trouble, and subsequently to have died of his wounds in Philadelphia, is alive, and at present in Canada.

MR. BROWN.—An article in the last number of *Frazer's Magazine* gives the following description of the father of Charlotte Bronte:

"The attendance was small in the morning, but better in the afternoon, when Mr. Bronte preached; owing to his advanced years, he is not able to attend the whole of the service, but comes into the church when the prayers are half over. A most affecting sight, in truth, it is to see him walking down the aisle with feeble steps, and entering his solitary pew, once filled with wife and children, now utterly desolate, while, close beside it, rises the tombstone inscribed with their names. Full of sorrow and trouble though his life has been, the energy of the last survivor of the race seems not a whit abated; his voice is still loud and clear, his words full of fire, his manner of earnestness. Lucid, nervous, and logical, the style of his preaching belongs to a by-gone day, when sermons were made more of a study than they are now, and when it was considered quite as necessary to think much and deeply as to give expression to those thoughts in language not only impressive and eloquent, but vigorous and concise. It would not be easy to give a faithful picture of the impression which Mr. Bronte evidently produces on his hearers, or of his own venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit. He used no notes whatever, and preached for half an hour without ever being at a loss for a word, or betraying the smallest sign of any decay of his intellectual faculties. Very handsome he must have been in his younger days, for traces of beauty, the most refined and noble in expression, even yet show themselves in his features and in his striking profile. His brow is still unwrinkled; his hair and whiskers snowy white; lines, very decided in their character, are impressed about the mouth; the eyes are large and penetrating. In manner he is, as may have been gathered from what has been already said, quiet and dignified.

PURIFICATION OF FOUL WATER—AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The London *Builder* says that Mr. Thomas Spencer, the discoverer of electrotype, has made another important discovery. He has ascertained that the magnetic oxide of iron, which abounds in rocky strata, and in sands, &c., attracts oxygen, whether it exists in the water or in air, and polarises it—that this polarised oxygen is the salubrifying ozone—that this ozone, so formed, destroys all discoloring and polluting organic solutions in water, and converts them into the sparkling and refreshing carbonic acid of the healthful spring. Even sewage water can be almost instantaneously purified. Moreover Mr. Spencer has discovered that the apparently mechanical process of filtration, is itself magnetical, and it is now known that all substances are constitutionally more or less subject to magnetical influence: thus all extraneous matters suspended in water may be rapidly attracted in filtration, and so separated; and this may be done whether on a great scale or a small, either by the magnetic oxide or black sand of iron, by a mixture of this with ordinary sand, or by various other means; and Mr. Spencer has discovered a solid porous combination of carbon with magnetic oxide, prepared from Cumberland hæmatite, which is said to have very great filtering power.

INDIANA DIVORCES.—A New York gentleman named Hoffman, who got a divorce in 1857, recently had his divorce annulled by the same court, on the petition of his wife. Judge Buckles decided that Hoffman was not a resident of the county at the time of filing his divorce complaint, and set aside the decree granting it. Thus Mr. Hoffman found himself a married man in unpleasantly short metre. This case may give the public abroad to understand that divorces are not so easily obtained in this State as they used to be. Under the old law, any one resident to commence a divorce suit and carry it through as in this case without the wife ever knowing it, had only to swear to a lie; that is, to his bona fide residence here. Now the law requires the applicant to be a resident actually, and to have been for a year, before he can begin a suit at all. Non-resident rebels against matrimonial laws will do well to cut this paragraph out, and save themselves the expense of a journey to Indiana to get a divorce. The good time for all that class of people is over in this State.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

TRIMMING GRAPE VINES.—During April we had a great many letters asking "Is it too late now to trim grape vines?" We have written frequently on this subject, and really fear tiring the patience of our readers by repetition, and shall answer the question briefly. Grape vines should never be trimmed in the spring; November is the best time. At that date they will not bleed, and by freeing the vine from its useless portions, you prevent the exhaustion of the roots by constant evaporation from the branches and consequent ascent by capillary attraction; the wind blowing among the branches also assists this action. Compare a vine trimmed November 25th, with one alongside of it trimmed in the spring, of equal size and invariably the November trimming will give the best results.—*Mapes' Working Farmer.*

☞ Habits are the Hessians of our moral warfare; the good or the ill they do depends on the side they fight on.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100	100
" " new	104½	—
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	75	—
" " coupon	—	65
All'ny City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	79	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	93½	93½
Virginia "	97½	—
2nd State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y " 5 "	102-5	104 106
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136	137
Philadelphia	115	—
Far & Mec	86½	88½
Commercial	—	69½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	26½	26½
Southwark	53	—
P Township	35?	—
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	47½
Western	—	99
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	82½	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	—	23
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	39½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	64	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Comm. Nash. Tenn	102	104
Planters "	113	114
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	25½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	20	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	84	88
	89	90

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	—	100
2nd "	86½	87½
stock	28	28½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	98
stock	128	135
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	77	78
mort 6's '44	—	90
" '56	67	69
stock	18½	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87
stock	—	38½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '48	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	39½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	48	50
2nd "	7½	8
stock	½	1
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	—
preferred 50 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	9?
6 pr ct loan	61½	62
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	42	43
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	55½	56
Har & Lan R R stock	58½	58½
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	18
Long Island R R stock	16½	16½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	21½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	7½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	68	69
1859, 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	6	8
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	50
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	25	27
Morris Consol'd	46	48
preferred	106	106½
Ches & Del	36	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1878	—	38

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market has been very inactive during the past week, but without any quotable change to note in prices, and we are only advised of sales of about 7000 bbls Flour, mostly for shipment, at $5,25 for good straight superfine, and $5,50@5,75 for common and good extra, including 700 bbls Broad Street mills superfine at $5,70; 500 bbls Brandywine do at $5,75, and 500 bbls Western extra family, on terms kept private; closing with more sellers than buyers at these rates; the sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6 to 7 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality; the receipts show an increase this week. Rye Flour comes in slowly and sells on arrival at $4,25. Corn Meal is little inquired for, and Penna Meal is freely offered and dull at $3,87½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, but fully equal to the demand, the millers generally not being disposed to operate to any extent, except at a decline, and prices at the close are fully 5c ℔ bus lower than last week; sales include about 25,000 bus, in lots, at 120@125c for inferior to fair, 127@132c for good and choice reds, and from 133 to 143c for white. We quote 128c for the former and 138c for the latter, of prime quality, and the market rather dull. Rye is steady, with further receipts and sales of 4000 bus in lots at 86@88c for Delaware and 90c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been unsettled and drooping; the receipts are light, but the demand has been moderate, and the sales reach about 30,000 bus in lots, at from 93 to 96c for old yellow, and 80@75c for new do, afloat and in store, the market for old Corn closing dull at our lowest figures. Oats have been in better demand, and about 18,000 bus, all offered, sold at 41@42c for Southern and 43@44c for Pennsylvania. Of Barley and Barley Malt the sales have been light and the market steady.

PROVISIONS—The trade generally continues almost at a stand still, and the stocks in the dealers' hands are nearly exhausted. Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $16, and city mess Beef at $15 ℔ bbl. Nothing doing in other kinds. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 10½c for Sides, 8½c for Shoulders, and 11¼@12c for Hams, which is lower. In green meats there is very little doing; about 50 casks new Shoulders in salt have been sold at 7½c, and new Sides at 9c, which is also lower. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $6(@6½ the 100 lbs. Lard is selling at 10½@11c for bbls and tierces, 12c for kegs, and but little here. Butter is moving off as wanted at 11@12c for packed, and 17@18c for roll. Cheese is bringing 10½@11½c ℔ lb, and Eggs 18@19c ℔ dozen, and the latter rather dull.

COTTON—The market opened firm, but very inactive, at previous quoted rates, buyers only taking hold to supply their immediate wants, and the week's sales reach about 958 bales at 11¼ to 12½c cash and time.

BARK is steady, with further sales of 100 hhds. first No. 1 Quercitron at $28, including some coarse ground, which is not wanted, at $26 ℔ ton. Very little doing in Tanners' Bark, and no change in the market.

BEESWAX is without alteration, and selling in lots as wanted at 34c ℔ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, owing to the high rates now demanded for Anthracite, which is scarce and on the advance, and most of the shipments now making are to fill old contracts.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the late arrivals, and the market is firm, and about 4000 bags Rio have been sold at from 11 to 12½c, including 700 bags sold by auction at 11@12¼c, average $10,37, all on the usual credit; 3650 bags Maracaibo also sold at about 12¼c, on time.

COPPER—The market is unchanged, and Yellow Metal is steady at 20c ℔ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are unchanged, and about 5000 lbs Western sold at 47@50c ℔ lb, as to lots.

FRUIT—Sales are making at $2,50@3,50 for green Apples, and $14@16 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is selling more freely. Apples range at 5½@6c, and Peaches at from 7 to 15c ℔ lb for unpared and pared.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing in this article, and quotations are nominally the same.

HIDES—The market continues dull, and buyers are holding off for lower prices. About 500 Mexican, received coastwise, and 800 cullings from London, sold on terms kept private, the latter about 16c, on time.

HOPS are steady and selling in lots as wanted at 14@18c ℔ lb for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market generally is unchanged but quiet. 600 tons sold in lots at $23½ for No 1, and $22½ for No 2 on time, and 500 tons Forge for cash, at a price we could not learn. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers, and but little stock to operate in. A sale of Blooms was made at $65, on time. Nothing doing in Boiler Iron, worthy of notice. Bars and Rails are steady, with a small business doing.

LEAD—The stock is light, and we are only advised of sales of about 250 pigs Virginia at $5,75, and 500 pigs Galena at $5,80 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The demand is moderate, and good stock is bringing full prices, but other kinds continue dull.

LUMBER—There is not much movement in the market, and White and Yellow Pine Boards are selling at about previous rates. Of Laths there is little or no stock here, and we quote them at $1,80 @2 ℔ M. Pickets are also scarce and high.

MOLASSES—The market has been very inactive, but prices are steady, with sales of about 250 hhds and bbls, mostly Cuba Muscovado at 28@28½c, on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $2,62½@2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed, but the inquiry is mostly for prime seed, which is comparatively, scarce, but other kinds are unsettled and lower, with more offering at the close; sales comprise about 3,000 bus, in lots, at $5@5,25 for common to strictly prime, chiefly at $5,12½ ℔ bus for good seed; wagon prices at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bus, as to quality. Of Timothy there is but little offering, and it is quoted at $2,37½@2,50 ℔ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $1,55@1,60 ℔ bus; the crushers are paying the latter price; the late arrival of Calcutta seed has been previously sold and reported at about $1,60 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm, and a moderate business doing in the way of sales at full prices. No change in Gins. N E Rum continues steady at 35@37c, as to lots. Whiskey is unsettled, with large sales of bbls to note at from 25½ to 28c, mostly 27@27½c, and drudge at 25c. Hhds are scarce, and selling in a small way at 26½c.

SUGARS—The market has been quiet this week, owing to the firmness of holders, and only some 500 hhds, mostly Cuba have been disposed of, part to come from another market, at from 6½ to 7¼c, mostly at 6¾c, on time. About 500 boxes Cuba also sold at 6½@6¾c, usual credit. The refiners have put up their prices ¼c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in the market, and no change to note in either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—There is a fair demand for both pulled and fleece, but the stocks in the dealers' hands are unusually light, and holders very firm in their views. The week's transactions have been mostly in a small way at 37@38c for pulled, and from 44 up to 65c, net, for common to full blood and prime fleece.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NOV. 12.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advanced 10c; sales of 18,000 bbls at $4,95@5 for State, $5@5,50 for Ohio, and $5,50@5,70 for Southern. Wheat quiet at an advance of 1c. Corn quiet. Pork dull at $15 for Mess, and $10,50 for Prime. Lard quiet at 10¼@10½. Whiskey dull.

THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,

No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2500 head. The market showed a downward tendency, the prices ranging from 8 to 9c ℔ lb, the latter figure being only obtained for a few head of the best cattle offered. Sheep—4000 arrived, and sold at from $7 to 8 ℔ 100 weight.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 4459 head were at market, and sold at $6 to 8 ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday morning, Nov. 10th, at the residence of the bride's father, No. 422 Richmond st., Philada. by the Rev. R. H. Pettison, ARTHUR D. MARKLEY, M. D. of Montgomeryville, Pa. to Miss JULIET, daughter of Col. A. P. Eyre.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. THEODORE HUGHES, to Mrs. SUSAN JOHNSON.

On Wednesday, Nov. 9th, at St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vt. by the Right Rev. Bishop Hopkins, Dr. THEODORE S EVANS, of Paris, France, to FANNIE, only daughter of D. D. Howard, Esq.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 8th inst. by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, EDWARD T. WARNER, Jr. of Schuylkill Haven, Pa. to MAGGIE, youngest daughter of the late Edward Tatnall, of the former place.

On the evening of the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. SAMUEL IRWIN, of Chester county, to Miss LIZZIE, only daughter of the late Wm. Dillin, of this city.

November 8th, in St. Peter's Church, Philada. by the Right Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., JAMES BOND PEALE, M. D. of Holmesburg, Pa. to MARY CLARISSA, daughter of the late Saml. McBurney, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Phillip Brooks, HENRY ALTEMUS, to HANNAH B. daughter of the late Nathan W. Eyre.

On the 3d instant, at Bethlehem, Pa. by the Rev. H. Bigler, Miss EMMA A. MARVIN, of Bethlehem, to WILLIAM G. AUDENRIED, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 10th instant, JOS. COPPIN, aged 44 years.

On Wednesday, November 9th, ANNA G. wife of Noah Zelley, and eldest daughter of Jos. C. Coppuck.

On the 4th instant, JOHN MOORE, in his 76th year.

On the morning of the 5th instant, GEORGE N. BAKER, in his 72d year.

On Saturday afternoon, the 5th instant, Captain BENJ. HOLBROOK, in his 81st year.

On the 5th instant, at Beverly, N. J., JOHN M. BREWER, M. D. aged 78 years.

On the 11th mo. 1st instant, at Cold Spring, New York, JAMES TRUMAN, eldest son of Jos. M. Truman, of this city, in his 42d year

In Galveston, on Thursday evening, October 25th, 1859, Capt. ELIAS JAMES PRIMROSE, of the schooner Mahlon Betts, in his 39th year.

On the 5th instant, SARAH E. wife of Richard Jordan, aged 64 years.

On the 7th instant, MAHALA, wife of John Foulkrod, aged 67 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, aged 43 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. HESTER REED, aged 69 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	¾ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

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TWO MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.

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GIVING VIEWS OF THE

AMERICAN AND CAN

Agricultural.

DIRECTIONS FOR PACKING, &c.

These directions for packing poultry, game, eggs, apples, grapes, potatoes, butter, and cheese, are from the circular of celebrated provision dealers in New York. They appear to be excellent; and as what will answer for that market will be likely to answer for this, we commend them to our readers, for present use, as well as to preserve them for future reference:—

The serious loss often incurred through improper or unskillful modes of packing, and shipping certain classes of produce, and the many inquiries we are receiving from the country on this subject, induce us to print for the benefit of our friends the following directions for preparing and packing such produce intended for this market.

POULTRY.

1st. Food in the crop injures the appearance, is liable to sour, and purchasers object to paying for this worse than useless weight—therefore keep from food twenty-four hours before killing.

2d. Opening the veins of the neck is the best mode of killing. If the head be taken off at first, the skin will recede from the neck bone, presenting a repulsive feature.

3d. Most of the poultry sold in this market is "scalded," or "wet-picked," but "dry-picked" is preferred by a few, and sells to a limited extent only, at full prices. Poultry may be picked dry without difficulty, if done without delay after killing.

For scalding poultry, the water should be as near to the boiling point as possible without actually boiling, the bird being held by the legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down in the water three times—the motion helps the hot water to penetrate the plumage and take proper effect upon the skin. Continue to hold the bird by the legs with one hand while plucking the feathers with the other, without a moment's delay after taking out—if skillfully handled in this way, the feathers and pin-feathers may all be removed without breaking the skin. A torn or broken skin greatly injures the appearance, and the price will be low in proportion.

4th. The intestines or the crop should not be "drawn." After removing the feathers, the head may be taken off and the skin drawn over the neck bone and tied; this is best, though much comes to market with the heads on.

5th. It should next be "plumped" by being dipped about two seconds into water, nearly or quite boiling hot, and then at once into cold water, about the same length of time. Some think the hot plunge sufficient without the cold.

It should be entirely cold but not frozen before being packed. If it reaches market sound without freezing it will sell all the better.

6th. In packing, when practicable, use clean hand-threshed rye-straw. If this cannot be had, wheat or oat-straw will answer, but be sure that it is clean and free from dust of any kind. Place a layer of straw at the bottom, then alternate layers of poultry and straw, taking care to stow snugly backs upward, legs under the body, filling vacancies with straw, and filling the package so that the covers will draw down very snugly upon the contents so as to prevent shifting or shucking on the way. Canada poultry generally reaches this market late in the season, say in the month of February. Much of it is well fattened and of good quality, but it is generally dressed and packed in a slovenly manner, the crops being full of food, (peas and oats,) the wing and tail feathers on, &c., and sells low in proportion to its real value. If enterprising traders will go into Canada, buy the poultry, particularly turkeys and geese, alive, or in some other way make sure that it is properly dressed and packed, they will have a bright chance to make money.

Boxes are the best package, and should contain from, say 150 to 300. Larger boxes are inconvenient, and more apt to get injured. Number the packages—mark the contents, the gross weight, and the tare of each on the cover—place invoice of the lot in one package, marked "bill," and send a duplicate by mail—direct plainly to the consignee, placing the name of the consignor also on each package.

GAME.

Wild turkeys, wild ducks, and the smaller birds, should be packed in the natural state. In cold weather they may be packed snugly, backs up, with or without clean straw, taking care to keep the plumage as smooth as possible. If the weather becomes warm during the transit, straw between the layers acts beneficially as an absorbent of moisture. Birds should never be drawn, and if mutilated by gun-shot the market value will be much reduced. Woodcock, quails, and other small birds, are in cool weather sometimes each wrapped in paper and packed in dry sawdust. In hot weather they may be packed without the paper, in coarse sawdust and ice. They seldom reach us in good order if more than twenty-four hours on the way in hot weather.

In venison it is best to send only the hind part of the carcass, including, say, two or three ribs with the saddle. The skin should be stripped from the fore part and carefully wrapped about the saddle, thus keeping it clean and in good order.

EGGS.

There is probably in no one article of the same relative value, so much depreciation and loss from injudicious management, and unskillful packing, as in eggs. This is best illustrated in the Western trade, especially during the warm seasons, when the average price of Western eggs rules, say, 3 to 5 cents per dozen below those from this State, but at the same time we have some Western marks that bring nearly or quite as much as the best State, showing conclusively that it is entirely practicable to forward them in prime order from the far West. If the following directions are intelligently carried out, there will be very little doubt of success.

Be sure (especially in the summer season) that your eggs are not only sound but recently laid. Eggs may be "Candled" and repacked at the West, but if they are stale, though still apparently sound, they will be sure to reach this market in bad order, or will so rapidly change on being opened, that dealers will be sure to lose money on them. The jiggle of the cars over such long distances so muddles all eggs, not entirely fresh, that they appear cloudy and stale, and will soon spoil if indeed they are not already bad.

Use very strong stiff barrels, put a little soft straw or hay evenly over the bottom with a stiff paper top of the straw, then oats to the depth, say, two or three inches, then a layer of eggs, laid snugly together upon the sides, evenly imbedded in the oats, with the ends toward the barrel, but about one inch from the staves. Cover the layer with oats and shake down gently but thoroughly, leaving, say, one inch oats upon the layer of eggs, thus continue shaking down thoroughly with each layer until the barrel is full. Place about 3 inches of oats over the last layer, then a stiff paper and a little soft hay or straw next the head, filling so high that the head must be pressed to its place by a lever or other mechanical power, that the contents may be held so firmly that they can never shift or loosen in the barrels. In the winter to guard against frost, use more packing, leaving the eggs farther from the packages. Use clean, bright oats, they are good at all seasons, and during the summer much better than cut straw. Mark plainly the number of dozen and the quantity of oats in each barrel. Be very particular to have the count right—a good reputation for accuracy is very valuable.

APPLES.

Assort them so as to run uniform in size and quality. Pack in clean, sound barrels, size of flour barrels—flat hoops preferred. Put the fruit in without bruising, shake down gently but thoroughly, and fill the barrel so full that the head must be pressed in with a lever flattening the top apples and even starting the juice from them.

In this way they will reach market snug and tight, without shifting in the barrels, and sell much better than if more loosely packed. Fasten the head securely, but do not use large nails or any unnecessary number. Mark plainly on the head of each barrel the variety contained.

GRAPES.

Tight chests, with lids screwed or locked down, holding 40 to 50 pounds, are best for long distances. Pack in layers with paper between, stems down; fill the chest so that the lid will press snugly upon the fruit, thus keeping it snug, and presenting a smooth surface of fruit when opened.

Strong baskets holding about the same quantity with wood cover—one half of it stationary, the other half hinged thereto and fastened with a lock, are sometimes used. For general use, we think the chest simpler, safer and preferable. Send only well-ripened, full and handsome clusters, unless you expect to have them sold very low.

BUTTER.

White oak firkins, with smooth, round, hickory hoops, holding about 100 pounds, are most largely used, and decidedly the best when the article is to be kept a long time—no other can be used for shipping. Half firkin tubs, or the regular firkin sawed in two, with a flat cover nailed upon the top, is a favorite package for choice butter. Welsh tubs, or tubs with straight staves, largest at top, with cover or lid shutting over and strapped down with pieces of leather or tin, are much used in some sections. They are very convenient for the domestic trade. They are commonly made of ash, which is next to white oak for this purpose. Maple, whitewood, and other soft woods are unfit, as they soak largely and impart injurious flavors to the butter. Butter may be advantageously kept under brine while at the dairy, but when finally closed up for market, the pickle should be carefully turned off, and a cloth wet in strong brine spread over the top. The top head of the firkin or the lid of the tub should never touch the butter.

POTATOES.

For shipping for distant points, barrels are much better than sacks—they are more easily handled, protect the potatoes better, and are more saleable. Assort with care, sending only those that are large, smooth, sound, and as uniform in size as possible. Small potatoes mixed with large ones do not increase the bulk much, but add to the weight, and damage the sale, so that they bring no return, but actually depreciate the value of the full-sized ones with which they are mixed. Use strong, sound, uniform sized barrels, as large as full-sized flour barrels. Shake down very thoroughly, and fill so full that the head will press very tightly upon the potatoes; when in place, fasten the heads securely, but do not use large nails or too many of them, that the barrels may not be too much broken in opening.

CHEESE.

Use well made boxes, of a size to allow the cheese to slip in and out with ease. Mark plainly the gross weight and the tare on the cover. See that the covers fit well, but do not nail them.

BURN THE VINES.

Potato vines, squash vines, pumpkin vines, cucumber vines, and all others which nurse and harbor the insect tribes that infest our gardens and fields, should be "burned with fire," as an ancient writer expresses the act.

This should be done as soon as the vines are done with. But it is not yet too late. Burn every vine and make the most of the ashes; but never think of putting any of these vines in heaps, for manure, so long as we complain most dolorously of the ravages of insects in our gardens and fields.

Fire is a known purifier—and though in former years prudent farmers buried all their vines in order to increase the manure heap—we must look about us and try all methods to destroy or to check the minute tribes of flies which are invisible to the naked eye, but which are now known to extend from our gardens to our fields and destroy an immense amount of plants before the time of harvest.

There is but little doubt the potato rot is caused by living *animalcula*, too small to be seen without powerful magnifying glasses. These have been seen on the plants, while growing, and on the tubers that are planted. We intend not to say positively, that minute insects on the planted tubers are the sole cause of this stupendous and wholesale destruction of fields of potatoes.

We are only arguing the question and inviting farmers and gardeners who have spent years in the search, to compare notes and see if it is not possible to come to one conclusion. On the *supposition* that minute and poisonous flies, &c., are the cause of the potato rot, we can best account for the success which has attended judicious attempts to remedy the evil.

For instance, many have found that warm barnyard manures increased the rot. Any thing warm, of course, would favor the multiplication of insects. Cold manures have therefore met with much success, and particularly such as all the small herds would avoid. Ashes in the hill, or on the vines, have often had an excellent effect. Lime also is good as an instrument of destruction, if not a manure. Plaster is too cold for insects, and it has always had a good effect on potatoes.

Recently farmers have planted their potatoes in deep furrows, without manure, and in this way have escaped the flies. And now, lastly, we have all the benefit of a cold summer to kill these little tender things which have been multiplying for fifteen years in the heat that has been sufficient to give us good harvests of corn—and we have a better yield of potatoes than we have known for many years.

All these experiences agree well with the supposition that some poisonous insect, too minute to be generally observed, is the chief cause of the rot.

Here we have a clue that should induce us to seek redress. We say *burn all the vines* as soon as they can be well burned, and trust to other matter to increase the manure heap. Burn every vine and scatter the ashes to the winds, if you cannot make a better use of them.

Rye and Wheat Stubble.—It was formerly an unsettled question among farmers whether it would be best to plough in stubble in the fall, or to burn the same in the spring; and it was generally supposed that the weeds and stubble together should be buried under the furrows to enrich the soil.

But as the country grows older and the insect tribes multiply, it may be a question whether all stubble should not be burned to clear the ground of the living vermin that is becoming more and more troublesome.

Would not a fire in wheat stubble kill some of the Hessian flies, the midges, &c., that are so destructive to the wheat crop? All the wheat straw, grown on an acre, might possibly be of more service on burning in the field, than for fodder.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Dr. Gibbons, (formerly of Philadelphia,) before the Agricultural Fair, at Oakland, California:—

Our lands are infested by a description of squatters, who, by virtue of possessory claims, have defied all process of ejectment, and in some instances have succeeded in obtaining undisputed possession. I allude to the gopher—a set of pests which give almost as much trouble under ground in regard to land titles as lawyers do above ground. There are large tracts of fertile land in the country which can not be rented on any terms for this reason. In some localities great numbers of them have lately been found dead. The old Californians say that they die off occasionally, from excess of increase, and then for a few years there is a cessation of hostilities. The only extensive and immediate remedy against them is by drowning. Heavy rains drown them out in flat lands. Preparations have been made to turn from its channel, next winter, the Alameda creek, and inundate a large tract of soil now ruined by them.

Constant tillage, poisoning, shooting and trapping, will gradually destroy or drive them off, but not till after years of annoyance and loss.

Our fruit growers suffer from several species of birds, of which by far the worst is the red-backed finch, at once a merry songster, and an insatiable thief, living on strawberries, raspberries, cherries, peaches, and indeed all the fruits in their season. Many other birds live mainly on insects, and are good friends of man. But few persons take the pains to distinguish friends from foes.

Insects occasion no very serious molestation. Here, as everywhere, the aphis or plant louse is a pest to florists. These insects are devoured in great numbers by the grub of the lady bird and the fly of the syrphis; both of which I have known to have been destroyed assiduously by stupid florists, on suspicion that they were the parents of aphides. The potato worm, and the corn worm, do some mischief. The pea bug of the Atlantic States, I have never seen in California till this season. The egg of this insect is deposited in the germ of the pea while the plant is in blossom and is slowly developed as the seed grows, coming forth the following spring as a perfect fly; as it feeds on the seed lobes without injuring the vital germ, the vegetable power of the pea is not impaired. The only valuable consideration connected with this insect is that it deposits an egg in every flower, thus supplying us with the animal food in every dish of peas.

The universal curse of the orchard in the Atlantic States is the curculio. When the fruit is young and tender the fly deposits an egg which hatches and penetrates. In many sections of country, not a plum or a nectarine can be matured. Everywhere cherries and all other fruits are liable to become wormy. Our exemption from this pest is an invaluable blessing. *I have never seen or known of a solitary curculio in California, or a worm of any description in fruit.* You may eat cherries in the dark with all confidence. Plums are produced in every part of the State in the first degree of perfection, and in such abundance that, if care were not taken, the trees would be universally destroyed in a single season by the weight of the crop.

Of noisome weeds we have an abundance. The practice of raising cereal crops, year after year, on the same soil, perpetuates the evil of mixed and unclean grain. Wild mustard interferes most with grain culture—not from the seeds mixing with the grain, but from the gigantic growth of the plant. It can never be extirpated without such a change of crops as will require constant culture through one or more seasons. When once rooted out, it is easily kept out. The seeds are used extensively for the manufacture of an excellent mustard. There is a grass, apparently a *Cyperus*, which infests sandy soils bordering on the salt marshes, and which is more difficult of eradication than any other growing thing in my knowledge. It is mainly subterranean, creeping beneath the surface in all directions at a depth of six inches, or a foot, or even two feet. The roots are pointed with spires sharp as needles, and penetrate whatever comes in their way. They will run through, not only potatoes, beets, rhubarb and the softer roots, but in some instances, as I have seen, the ligneous roots of quince trees.

IN WANT OF A MODEL.

Incipient Artist.—Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please.

Mother.—Why, what on earth shall I do that for, pet?

Artist.—'Cause I warnt to drawr a nelephant!

Useful Receipts.

RICE PUDDING ICED.

Into one pint of purest drink
Let one tea-cup of clear rice sink,
And boil till all the water's gone—
No matter where—stir with a spoon,
And deftly add of milk one quart,
Boil till it thickens as it ought,
Stirring it with the aforesaid spoon,
Till it is smooth, and white, and done.
Then add three egg-yolks beaten light,
One lemon's rind all grated right,
And of white sugar, well refined,
Eight spoons, by stirring, well combined,
And pour the mixture in a dish
Of any size the cook may wish,
And let it stand, while with a fork
You beat the whites as light as cork—
The whites of those three eggs I mean—
And when they're beaten stiff and clean,
Add eight spoons full of sugar white,
One lemon's juice to make it light:
In short, *a frosting* you must make
Like that you put on wedding cake,
And on your pudding like a cover
Pour the sweet icing gently over,
In a cool oven do it brown,*
We think the pudding will go down.

*About as brown as is anatto,
Or as a very bright mulatto.

The Methods of Keeping Cider.—There are a variety of methods resorted to for the purpose of arresting fermentation, and keeping the cider sweet, such as putting a handful of well-powdered clay into each barrel, or two or three pounds of newly-burned charcoal, reduced to a powder, are added to each barrel of cider as it comes from the press. This makes it as black as ink at first, but it finally becomes remarkably clear. Others add a little mustard seed. Another method is to place a few gallons of cider in the barrel, and then a rag dipped in brimstone is attached to a long tapering bung; this is ignited and the bung loosely inserted. After the brimstone is consumed, the barrel is rolled until the cider has absorbed the sulphurous acid gas. The barrel is then filled up with cider. The sulphurous acid gas acting on the albuminous matter in the cider arrests fermentation. The only objection to this method is, that if too much gas is absorbed, it may prove injurious.

A much better method, and one which obviates this difficulty, is to have the sulphurous acid gas absorbed by lime. In other words, to put a little sulphite of lime (not sulphate of lime, or gypsum,) into the barrel with the cider. When the cider begins to ferment, the acetic acid formed, unites with the lime and liberates sulphurous acid gas, and this immediately checks fermentation. The sulphite is nearly insoluble in water, and lies inert and harmless at the bottom of the barrel till it is needed. This is a very simple and effectual method of arresting fermentation at any stage desired. Of course, in all cases, the cider should be kept as cool as possible, without allowing it to freeze, and the more effectually the air can be excluded, the better.—*Scientific American.*

Easy Washing.—The washboard is destructive to fine linen; and the best of mechanical contrivances are objectionable and imperfect for cleansing delicate fabrics. To chemistry we must look for the most perfect cleansing processes; but the difficulty is in discovering *cheap* agents which will act upon or combine with the dirt, without affecting the fibre of the clothing.

The washerwomen of Berlin in Prussia, use a mixture of 2 oz. of turpentine and ½ oz. of spirits of sal-ammoniac well mixed together. This mixture is put into a bucket of warm water, in which ½ lb. of soap has been dissolved. The clothes are immersed over night in this mixture, and the next day washed. The most dirty cloth is said thus to be perfectly freed from dirt, and after two rinsings in fresh water is freed from the smell of turpentine. The cloth does not require so much rubbing, and linen fabrics are thus not so soon destroyed.—*Scientific American.*

Corns.—Soak the feet or not (according to disposition,) take a piece of linen or lint folded four or five times over, so as to be left sufficiently large to well cover the corn—say about an inch square—dip it in water, and after gently squeezing to prevent being too wet, put it on the corn, and bind round the toe a piece of oiled silk or India-rubber cloth; leave it on all night, and in the morning the heart of the corn will be so enlarged by absorbing the moisture that it can be easily picked out by the finger-nails. Repeat as often as necessary. If done about every ten days or a fortnight the corn is but little trouble or pain.

Another remedy is to anoint corns with neatsfoot-oil; they will not long trouble you with their presence.—*London Field.*

Black Tongue.—A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator gives the following remedy for the black tongue:—"Have a swab of soft cloth made and attached to a handle two feet long; dip this in spirits of turpentine, and wipe out the mouth of the animal so affected two or three times, if necessary, and they will be over it in a few days. This I know to be a fact, for I tried it on my cattle last year, and did not lose one, when others had been trying salt, copperas, and other things recommended, and lost a great many."

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The Knickerbocker does up a yarn in a superior manner. There is more truth than poetry in the following sketch from the experience of a country doctor—a fact that more than one of that badly treated and worse paid class of individuals would be willing to verify on oath:—

The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons:—

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They gin him laudanum for paregoriky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do'no, a great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushes on through the storm—meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds it all closed—not a light to be seen.

He knocks at the door, but no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night-cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaks out—

"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered, kinder. Gin him laud'num and he slept kinder sound, but he's waked up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. 'Tain't hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls—

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothin' for the visit, will ye?"

☞ Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 1, 16, 34, 42, 12, 30, is a sort of vehiculary bed.
My 3, 20, 30, 13, was the first Major-General in the American army.
My 4, 21, 15, 25, is a river in Spain.
My 9, 2, 3, 36, 15, 32, is a celebrated American sculptor.
My 14, 28, 11, 33, 2, was a poet, celebrated for his immortal works as well as his unhappy fate.
My 16, 30, 12, 1, 22, 41, 13, is a large and fertile island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 18, 7, 26, 41, is the most valuable of all metals.
My 21, 40, 29, 6, 27, was one of the most remarkable men of whom any age can boast.
My 22, 5, 17, is a species of viper found in Egypt.
My 26, 35, 43, 8, is a river of the Mississippi valley.
My 29, 25, 27, 38, 7, 37, 44, 24, is an agreement or covenant between two or more persons.
My 37, 6, 31, 24, 39, 10, was the son of Jupiter.
My 43, 7, 19, 31, 23, 13, was a distinguished General in the American army.
My 44, 35, 4, 5, 32, is the most celebrated of sedentary games.

My whole, if successful, will be one of the grandest achievements of American ingenuity.

St. Louis. J. K., Jr.

CHARADE.

The sun with a crimson glory
Had gone in the westward down,
And the stars with their frosty brightness,
Looked on the sleeping town.
They looked on the lordly palace
Where in pride the monarch dwelt;
They looked on the fetid dungeon
Where in fear the captive knelt;
On the peasant's humble cottage,
On the lofty hall of stone,
Where men sat in crowds rejoicing,
Where widows wept alone;
From their lofty seats in the heavens
They looked on the world below,
With the same cold, silent lustre
On human weal and woe.
Then darkness o'er the city
Came down like a sable pall,
And men addressed them to slumber,
And my *first* was over all.

There knelt in the silent chapel
A kindly youth, and fair,
Watching beside the altar
O'er the armor lying there:
Hours fled, and yet he knelt there;
So the night sped drearily,
And his heart was heavy with longing
For the things that were to be.
But lo! a dusky figure,
With my *second* round his head,
Approached the kneeling watcher,
And words of comfort said:
Then stirred his heart within him,
And happy was his dole,
For bravely he fought and conquered
For the honor of my *whole*.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In vain you strive to regain me;
When lost, you never can obtain me;
And yet, what's odd, you sigh and fret,
Deplore my loss and have me yet,
And seeking ways your slave to kill,
By ways you can't the object fill,
Then promising in future you
Will pay to me the homage due;
Thus we go on from year to year,
My name pray let the party bear.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five men (A, B, C, D and E,) raise a certain stock in partnership, in the following proportion:—If A had paid in $51 more than what he did, then he would have paid in one-half as much as the other four men (B, C, D and E,) together did. If B had paid in $34 more than what he did, then he would have paid in one-third as much as the other four men (A, C, D and E,) together did. If C had paid in $25,50 more than what he did, then he would have paid in one-fourth as much as the other four men (A, B, D and E,) together did. If D had paid in $20,40 more than what he did, then he would have paid in one-fifth as much as the other four men (A, B, C and E,) together did. If E had paid in $15 more than what he did, then he would have paid in one-sixth as much as the other four men (A, B, C and D,) together did. The question is, what did each of the men pay in? and what is the whole amount of the stock raised?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotserville, Snyder Co., Pa.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One hundred stones being placed on the ground in a straight line, at the distance of two yards from each other, how far will a person travel who shall bring them one by one to a basket, placed at two yards from the first stone?

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Supposing you have got a fish, when is it like a flower? Ans.—When you have got a mignonette (him in your net). Oh!

☞ What is the difference between an oriental fireplace, and the largest ship in the world? Ans.—One is an Eastern grate, the other the Great Eastern.

☞ Why is an Atlantic steamship like a horse's collar? Ans.—It goes over the main (mane).

☞ Why is an auctioneer like a man with an ugly countenance? Ans.—Because he is always for-bidding.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Obey God rather than man. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. CHARADE—Peoria (Pea-o-rye-a). ANAGRAMS—Literature, Everlasting, Washington, Tailor, Leopard, Shoemaker, Treason, Revelation, Understanding, Ignorance, Dandelion. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—Stock raised in 17 months. The father, $511. Uncle, $364. Cousin Charles, $241. Each of 16 guests, $17=$170. And the mother, $14. Whole stock, $1,400.

☞ Answer to Artemas Martin's Question, published October 1st.—Distance horse can travel with tether stretched, 986.96 feet. Number of acres he can graze over, 1.4829.

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.